

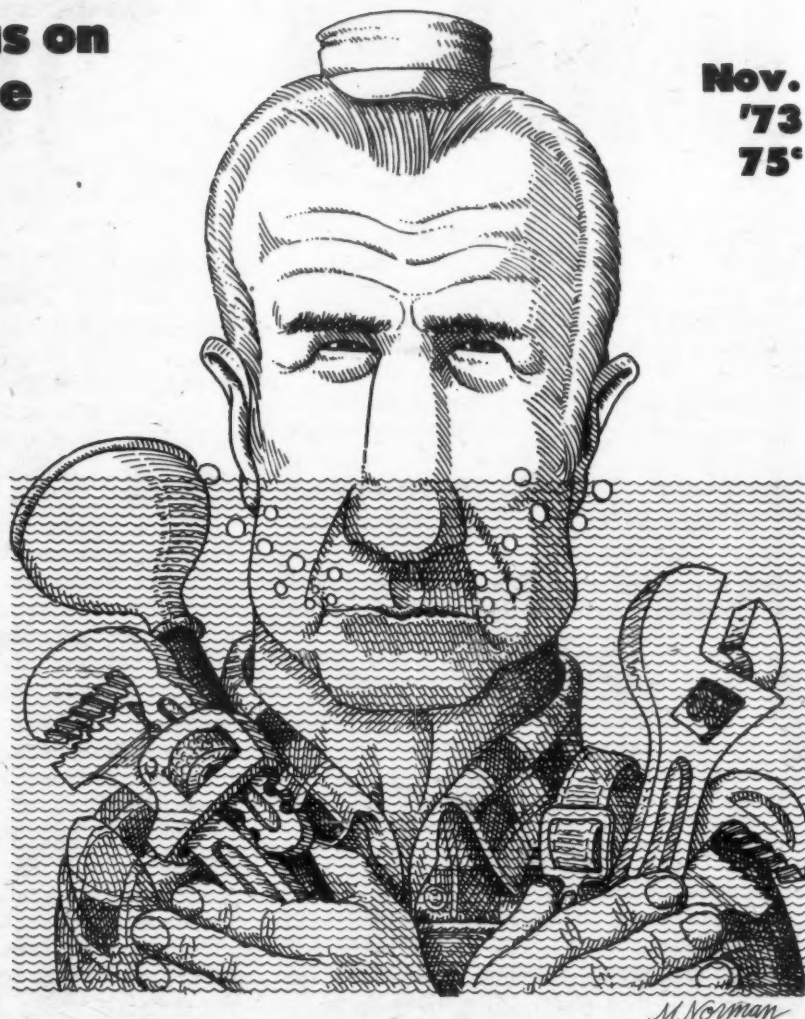
**Column Two: J. Anthony Lukas on
The Babe Ruth Numbers Game**

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**A 'Foreign Extremist'
Escapes From Chile**

**Playing By The Rules
With Helen Gurley Brown**

**Newfield and Hamill Ask
Who Controls New Times**



**Nov.
'73
75'**

The Politics of Leaksmanship

BY BOB KUTTNER

The afternoon Spiro Agnew copped his plea in Judge Walter Hoffman's Baltimore courtroom, seven of the nation's better reporters were hours away from jail for refusing to reveal the sources of their information about the case. With the vice president's resignation, Judge Hoffman's order licensing Agnew's lawyers to conduct a house-to-house search of the entire press is now moot. But the controversy over news leaks is not. Agnew's claim that he was done in by a deliberate campaign of leakage was, of course, a canard. Nonetheless, it prompted great editorial hand-wringing in many quarters, leading one prominent political writer, David Broder, to indict his own newspaper for hypocrisy, and another, Tom Wicker, "to rally to Agnew's defense."

No phenomenon has seemed to play a larger role in the daily exposure of Nixon Administration corruption than the news leak. From the day of the Watergate break-in 18 months ago, the Washington press corps has produced a superabundance of stories attributed to Justice Department officials, FBI documents, Ervin Committee staff papers, CIA memoranda, even sources close to the hermetically-sealed Special Prosecutor's Office of Archibald Cox. In this atmosphere, Agnew's plaint that he was a victim of some willful conspiracy had a certain plausibility. And Judge Hoffman's order only reinforced the impression Agnew sought to create.

In fact, calculated leaks are a highly exaggerated tool of investigative reporting. Most of the important revelations about the Administration—including Agnew's difficulties—came from legwork, not leakage. Where deliberate leaks occurred, as with the Ervin Committee, the result usually was hardly worth the typesetting. The

**The Nixon
Administration may
really believe that
bureaucratic
squealers and
unethical reporters
are doing it in; but,
as the Agnew affair
shows, that is hardly
the case.**

daily footrace to print Tuesday's committee testimony on Monday has shown all the enterprise of a good answering service. The nadir came in early June during "Leak Week," with John Dean waiting off-stage while Brezhnev and Nixon spilled champagne and the committee spilled its guts. So much of what Dean told committee investigators poured out that by Friday Dean's lawyers refused to permit him to say anything more.

There was a pattern to Leak Week. The pro-Administration forces—probably a Senator Baker staff man or Senator Gurney—would leak an item that tended to discredit Dean, such as the "loan" of campaign funds to finance Dean's honeymoon. The other side—perhaps Senator Weicker or one of Dean's lawyers—would counter with an item demonstrating the strength of Dean's charges against the President.

Such was the mutual suspicion on the

committee that reporters in *The New York Times* Washington bureau were amused one afternoon when Seymour Hersh took a phone call from Fred Thompson. "Sy," Thompson drawled, "Sam Dash is here with me. Will you please tell him you didn't get that story from me." Hersh assured Dash he hadn't. It was Thompson who clumsily tried to lay a trap for another widely suspected leaker, Dick McGowan, Senator Weicker's press secretary. Thompson had an assistant plant with McGowan the names of several key witnesses the committee planned to subpoena, including a ringer. When a story naming the names turned up in *The Washington Post* (McGowan swore he wasn't the source), Thompson wrote up a two-page memo charging McGowan with leakage and explaining in detail his ingenious trap. Memo in hand, Thompson strode into Senator Weicker's office to demand McGowan's resignation. A shouting match ensued. The incredulous Weicker would have none of it, finally coming up with the perfect checkmate: he threatened to leak Thompson's memo.

Despite new ground rules after Leak Week, including a ban on Xeroxes of committee documents, the hemorrhaging continued. At the committee's executive session the Friday before hearings following the August recess resumed, a confidential decision was made to defer calling Charles Colson. The meeting broke up shortly after 11 A.M. The decision moved on the wires by 1:15 P.M. And when Howard Hunt was scheduled to testify that Monday, the *Post's* Sunday story opened with the familiar lead: "Convicted Watergate conspirator E. Howard Hunt has told Senate select Watergate committee investigators that . . ."

Assistant committee counsel Terry Lenzner
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Bob Kuttner is a contributing editor of [MORE].

(MORE)

COLUMN TWO

BY J. ANTHONY LUKAS

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Associate Editor

Dan McNamee
Associate Publisher

J. Anthony Lukas
Senior Editor

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Washington Editor

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Bob Kuttner, A. Kent MacDougall, Joseph Roddy.

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by Claudia Cohen

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The hero of Robert Coover's comic novel, *The Universal Baseball Association, Inc.*, is J. Henry Waugh, of Dunkelmann, Zauber & Zifferblatt, Licensed Tax & General Accountants, Specializing in Small Firms, Bookkeeping Services & Systems, Payrolls & Payroll Taxes, Monthly, Quarterly & Annual Audits. After a day bent over dusty ledgers, Waugh takes his accounting skills home to his kitchen table, the playing field of his imaginary Universal Baseball Association. There, with dice and charts, he plays out encounters between the Haymakers, Beaneaters, Excelsiors or Knickerbockers, posting the results on his Team Standings Board; in elaborate pitching, batting and fielding charts; loose-leaf notebooks of career histories; and, finally, in *The Book*, the official archive of the U.B.A.

Waugh concedes that his real love is "not the actual game so much—to tell the truth, real baseball bored him—but rather the records, the statistics... the beauty of the records system which found a place to keep forever each last action... History. Amazing, how we love it. And did you ever stop to think that without numbers or measurements, there probably wouldn't be any history."

The last few weeks of the 1973 baseball season often seemed like one of Coover's wildly improbable burlesques as America's sports writers kept massive and meticulous account of Henry Aaron's deliberate advance on Babe Ruth's career home run record of 714. Perhaps never before in sports history have so many clerks stood by with quill pens at the ready while one man sought to enter *The Book*.

For nearly two decades, Aaron has been the game's least sexy superstar. Up towards the top of the league's performance charts year after year, he seldom won a batting or home run championship and he went about his task with such colorless efficiency that he was regularly overlooked by sportswriters in search of a feature story. Consistency, reliability and durability are among the least newsworthy of virtues. (Playing his career in Milwaukee and Atlanta—hardly the media capitals of the nation—didn't help.)

But Aaron's statistical accomplishments mounted relentlessly like peanut shells beneath the seat until suddenly last spring sports editors sensed a blockbuster aborning. As early as May 28, *Sports Illustrated* signaled the start of the statistical orgy. A breathless piece by William Leggett trumpeted Aaron's assault on "one of the most hallowed individual records in American sport," a mark which "seems to possess a majesty so great that it might have come to us engraved on a stone tablet." Lest we miss the momentousness of the whole thing, Leggett assured us that "the very enormity of it is closing in fast on Aaron..."

But most of the nation's sportswriters, dogging such major stories as Gaylord Perry's spitball and Bobby Riggs' *chutzpah*, didn't jump aboard the numerological express until Aaron hit his 700th homer early in August. Nice round

(continued on page 19)

LETTERS

Editor's note: We are moving our letters column to this space beginning this month because we feel that a magazine that scrutinizes the media has a particular responsibility to give prominent play to the give-and-take such criticism often elicits. We are eager to hear from our readers, and urge them to write us when they feel they have something substantive to add to what they read in [MORE] or, of course, when they disagree with what we print. Address all letters to Editor - [MORE] - P.O. Box 2971 - Grand Central Station - New York, N.Y. 10017.

'Downright Demagogic'

Mark Green's article on counter advertising in the October issue ("Talking Back to the Hucksters") represents a good try, but the story is infinitely more complicated. Yes, money is involved. But so, too, is commercial clutter and a notable absence of standards pertaining to acceptable counter advertising. As to the latter point, it seems to me that the Burt Lancaster commercials, besides being throwbacks to Early TV, employ copy that is, in the case of the Camaro, exaggerated if not downright demagogic. The aspirin spot also wouldn't win prizes for total honesty. The problem remains: Can partisans create a fair commercial or does their zeal lead them into the same excesses that they are setting out to remedy?

—Fred Danzig
Executive Editor
Advertising Age
New York, N.Y.

Mark Green replies: Unsupported assertions and rhetorical questions aside, the Camaro commercial was based on GM's own recall letter and the aspirin ad grew out of an AMA study, *AMA Drug Evaluations: 1971*. There are detailed memoranda supporting the content of these and other Stern Firm counter-commercials, and if Mr. Danzig or anyone else would like to see them, he can write Stern Firm, attn: Tracey Westen, 2005 L. St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20036.

Mr. Danzig asks, "Can partisans create a fair commercial?" perhaps reflecting his skepticism about commercial advertising in general. For surely Procter & Gamble and Exxon are partisans, too. They do not advertise as a public service. If they get overzealous, the solution is not to take them off the air—which is the writer's own logic—but to present the other side and let the consumer decide. And if, say, Exxon feels unfairly treated by a counter-commercial, it is fully able to reply in its own ads. This is called competition, which business, advertisers and even *Advertising Age* profess to support.

'Sophomoric Exercise'

The usually high quality of your magazine was diluted by the sophomoric exercise indulged in by Joseph Roddy in Column Two ["Dan Rather and The President"—Oct., 1973].

His work is far too insignificant for me to list all of the cutenesses, precious piles of ponderous prose, and puerile pap he filled the column with, but I must ask: if the "San Clemente set-to

(continued on page 20)

[HELLBOX]

Tom Vail And His Magic Pencil

In September, the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* published an eight-part serialization of *Promises of Power*, the political "autobiography" of Carl B. Stokes, the city's former mayor. For \$3,000, the *PD* not only bought exclusive rights to the book (published this month by Simon and Schuster), but also the right to edit out observations about the local morning newspaper.



Among the passages not included in the 18,000-word series:

Doesn't the public have a right to know, for instance, when it is reading an article in The Plain Dealer about some action of the Cleveland Trust Company that The Plain Dealer is up to its neck in financial ties to that bank?...

Although The Plain Dealer is the largest paper, it has never been able to insert itself into a truly powerful position in the city. The man who is at the top of The Plain Dealer, Tom Vail, is a patrician who doesn't really care about running the newspaper in a personal way—at least not beyond having his picture in it. He has little contact with people under him and no contact with the average citizenry...

Robert McGruder and Allen Wiggins, the *PD* reporters who began tape-recording Stokes' acid reminiscences in March, 1972, quote Stokes as calling Tom Vail "simplistically minded." That line was excised by an editor.

A long chapter on the Cleveland media was whittled down to blandness and across the top was written, "Sidebar to run any time." The *PD* also chose to run the second chapter first—"the chapter," says one of the authors, "in which Carl tells how he whipped white boys and fucked white women. They got that up front fast." The last installment came with a typewritten note on the copy, "The cotton-picking end." That, of course, was lined out before it went to the composing room, too.

—TERENCE SHERIDAN

'I Thought I Was Where I Belonged'

When Washington's WTOP-TV hired Art Geisman, 48, for its "Eyewitness News" team five months ago, it looked as if one television station in the Capitol was at last getting serious about investigative reporting. Geisman had a 22-year reporting career behind him in York, Pa., and Baltimore. He had won two Heywood Broun awards, a Nieman Fellowship and two

ROSEBUDS to Jim Haught of the *Charleston (W. Va.) Gazette* for digging out the facts of West Virginia Governor Arch Moore's income tax problems. Moore's difficulties were first reported three years ago by the *Knight Newspapers*. Columnist Jack Anderson followed with additional details.

But Moore, calling Anderson a "muckraking liar," denied that he had a "tax problem." When the Internal Revenue Service recommended prosecution of Moore, a Republican, Attorney General John Mitchell overruled the recommendation. That, undoubtedly, would have been the end of it, except for Haught's persistent pursuit of the story over a three-year period.

First, he got IRS sources to confirm that there was a tax investigation of Moore. He got no further until May of this year when he heard that William Hundley, the well-known Washington criminal lawyer who also represents John Mitchell, had represented Moore in the tax matter. Haught went to Washington and called on Hundley. The lawyer told him that, yes, John Mitchell had overruled an IRS recommendation that Moore be prosecuted. But he said it was no political fix. The case against Moore, said Hundley, "was a turkey... peanuts... no good... never should have been brought." All this might have helped Moore if he hadn't been denying outright that there was such a thing as a tax case against him. Hundley acknowledged that the governor had "fudged" on that.

On the same visit, Haught also got Clark Mollenhoff to confirm publicly for

the first time that he had looked into the Moore tax case while working as a political troubleshooter at the White House. Mollenhoff said he had urged President Nixon to delay Moore's appointment to some honorary post because of the tax case. The honorary appointment has never been made. "Hundley's version of things made the IRS madder than hell," Haught recalls. "I started browsing around among some of them. I went to guys' homes at night to try to get them to tell me things. I met one guy in a parked car."

The result was a lengthy story setting forth the details of Moore's tax delinquency, which by July of this year amounted to about \$170,000, much of it because the governor had failed to report about \$80,000 in campaign funds he had converted to personal use. Haught also obtained from a banker a document that showed Moore had removed a large amount of Standard Oil stock from the estate of one of his law clients. Haught also reported that the IRS believed Moore had profited by \$12,000 from a land deal in 1968 in which a mental defective was apparently done out of part of his share. Half of this money was not reported by Moore on his tax return.

In all, Haught reported, the IRS had determined that Moore had understated his income by about \$200,000 during the mid-1960s. Moore still isn't commenting, but reporters catch an occasional glimpse of him ducking in and out a rear door of the federal building in Charleston, where he has apparently been meeting with IRS officials in an effort to settle his debt.

"Front-Page" awards from the Baltimore-Washington Newspaper Guild. Since WTOP is part of the Washington Post-Newsweek Corporation, the job looked even more promising to Geisman. "Working for the *Post's* station in Washington," Geisman says, "I thought I was where I belonged." But lately Geisman has been collecting severance pay and looking for a job. He was fired, he says, because WTOP's management "felt I didn't belong in TV. They said I was a poor reader and a poor writer."

The man who both hired and fired Geisman is Jim Snyder, vice president for news of the Post-Newsweek stations. "I have made several moves to strengthen my staff and this is one of them," was all Snyder would say on the subject. But a source close to the situation maintains that the station management felt that Geisman "wasn't catching on. He just didn't think in visual terms and he had writing and presentation problems. The transition from print journalism has been very difficult for him."

Art Geisman is an easygoing, likeable man with a deceptive manner that, at times, makes him seem almost bumbling. This disarming personal style has always been an asset in investigative reporting; people say

things to Geisman they won't say to more suave reporters. There is no question that he is less smooth on the air than many broadcast newsmen. Nevertheless, there is reason to doubt whether his difficulties in adapting to television have been the problem that WTOP claims. Before coming to WTOP, he spent three years with WBAL-TV in Baltimore where his reporting earned the station two awards and put him in the running this year for the Alfred I. DuPont prize. The awards he won for the station were both from the Chesapeake Association of AP Broadcasters. They are significant because the competition includes the stations in Washington. What's more, Ray White, the former WBAL news director under whom Geisman worked, gave him the highest recommendation when he applied at WTOP. White himself is now in charge of broadcast editorials for WTOP, and remains a staunch Geisman supporter.

One of Geisman's reasons for leaving WBAL was the station's refusal to broadcast a photo of Maryland Gov. Marvin Mandel with a Baltimore racketeer. The photo, affectionately autographed by the governor, was one of several Geisman had obtained exclusively, showing the hoodlum with Mandel and other promi-

[HELLBOX]

nent Marylanders, including Democratic congressman Parren Mitchell. WTOP also refused to use the shots of Mandel, until the governor unexpectedly revealed their existence by accusing the Nixon administration of leaking them. Then the station used the pictures of Mandel but still wouldn't use those involving the others.

Another time, Geiselman was told to do a story on the parking mess at Washington's federally-owned National Airport. He found that questionable handling of the airport's parking contracts had kept the concession in the hands of a company whose head had donated heavily to the Nixon campaign. But what got on the air was a frothy piece with music, showing traffic jams and drivers yelling at each other. The other information was never broadcast.

Geiselman *did* get some good stories on the air. When police ransacked the homes and office of the owners of an independent oil distributorship in southern Maryland, Geiselman was the only reporter with the story. He found that the two partners had taken on the oil giant, BP, over alleged anti-trust violations. Local officials denied that BP had anything to do with their action, but Geiselman obtained an official document which showed they had acted at BP's request. At the time of his firing, he was preparing a series of stories showing how major oil companies were squeezing independent station owners out of business so they could take over their operations.

Before firing him, WTOP tried to farm Geiselman out to its Jacksonville, Fla. affiliate for off-the-air work. It was to be a six-month stint but Post-Newsweek would not move his family with him. He refused to go. Later, he was asked at the last minute to cancel a long-planned week's vacation. He declined. The day he got back, he was fired. Nevertheless, Geiselman doesn't think his refusal to report to the minors or to cancel his vacation were the principal reasons for his dismissal. "Quite honestly," he says, "I don't think they knew what an investigative reporter does."

—BRIT HUME

The Liebling Ledger Comes Off The Press

In the final hours of the Second A. J. Liebling Counter-Convention last spring, an organization called "The Liebling Group" was formed to advance the idea that working journalists should have a much larger "voice in the product" than they do now. The body elected as its chairman Michael L. Dorman, an author and former newspaperman, and charged him with establishing a newsletter to promulgate and coordinate the idea of reporter power around the country. Dorman chose Joan Doviak, a Washington-based freelance writer, to edit the newsletter, the first issue of which has now been mailed to the 70 or so members of The Liebling Group.

Called *The Liebling Ledger*, it is a six-page mimeographed publication that carries a report by Dorman, a half dozen items of news and the names and addresses of new members. On page 4, the *Ledger* reproduces a letter from the in-

dustrial relations director of the Minneapolis *Star & Tribune* to the executive secretary of the Twin Cities Newspaper Guild "in the hope that it will inspire others engaged in 'worker-management' discussions." The letter, sent in by Austin Wehrwein, a member of the *Star's* editorial/opinion page, reads, in part:

In an effort to encourage discussions of subjects not covered by the normal bargaining and grievance machinery, the Guild and the Publisher stipulate that top-level personnel will participate in [monthly] meetings.

It is stipulated that committees, meeting under the terms as outlined in this letter, shall discuss matters affecting relations between employees and the employer, but will not take up grievances which would normally come up in the regular contract grievance machinery.

The Publisher will continue to consult with the Guild before the appointment of newsroom supervisors, consistent with past practice.

The Guild agrees that all matters which are discussed will be on a consultative basis, and, that, in any case, the Publisher retains the right to make all final decisions.

It is that right, of course, that most dedicated Lieblings would like to see significantly modified. In his report, Dorman says that recent travels around the nation convince him that a concerted attempt by working journalists to deal with the lopsided power of publishers is central to any attempt at journalistic reform. "As a freelancer who earns his living from books and magazine articles... I do not face the management pressures many of you do," Dorman writes. "I understand the pressure and sympathize. But, if we are to succeed, we'll need to buck those influences."

On page 1, *The Liebling Ledger* is described as "an occasional publication." When it will appear again, and how often after that, depends almost entirely on how committed The Liebling Group really is to contributing information and rounding up new members. Both Joan Doviak and The Newspaper Guild, which produced and distributed the newsletter from its Washington office, are ready to publish again. All correspondence should be addressed to The Liebling Group—4338 Reno Road N.W.—Washington, D.C. 20008

—R.P.

Renewal Pitch Of The Month

We have received the following letter from Ralph Ginzburg, our favorite entrepreneur:

Dear Charter Subscriber,

Because Moneysworth's subscription roll is maintained by electronic computer, we are assigning a common expiration date to all subscriptions: December 31st. This will enable us to effect certain economies and mail renewal notices to all subscribers at the same time. Also, it will enable subscribers to keep track of the expiration date of their subscription since the date will coincide with the end of the calendar year. Therefore, we urgently request that you extend your Moneysworth subscription NOW.

The amount we are asking each subscriber



to remit depends upon how long his subscription still has to run. In your case, the amount to remit is only \$4 (for which your subscription will be extended ten months).

In return for this favor, we will send you free, as a gift, a handsome logotype-embossed, leather-grain binder with which to preserve your issues of Moneysworth. The binder automatically transforms Moneysworth—copies of which tend to get lost, misplaced and swiped because of their newsletter format—into a permanent reference work.

There is nothing to buy and there are no forms to fill out. Simply remit \$4 in the enclosed postage-paid envelope (your name, address, and file number have already been imprinted on the back of it). We prefer that you send a check, but if you find it more convenient to do so, and since the amount of money involved is so small, you may send four one-dollar bills.

We appreciate your help and hope that you'll find the free binder ample reward for your trouble.

The Case Of The Greensburg Twelve

When word of Spiro T. Agnew's resignation came over the wires into the city room of the Greensburg (Pa.) *Tribune-Review*, a reporter named Jude Dippold remarked: "One down and one to go." Somehow the comment quickly reached the ears of the daily's publisher, Richard Mellon Scaife, who gave \$1 million to the President's re-election campaign last year.

Jack Carlton, the paper's acting managing editor, was asked to fire Dippold. Carlton refused and then resigned. Dippold was then called in to the office of assistant publisher Alan Nicholas and asked to resign "for your good and the good of the company." Shortly thereafter, at a previously scheduled luncheon meeting with the staff, Scaife was asked by reporter Tom Wertz why Dippold had been fired. Wertz said he would have to quit if a reason was not given and the case not re-opened. Scaife accepted his resignation on the spot. Next, Scaife asked if any other staff members felt as Wertz did. Nine raised their hands and their resignations were also accepted.

Scaife refused to comment.

—R.P.

How To Write For Helen Gurley Brown

BY HELEN EPSTEIN

Lest there be any misunderstanding, let me say right off that mine is not the style of *That Cosmopolitan Girl*. I did think—briefly—that mine could be the style of *That Cosmopolitan Writer*, a more complex prototype that has absorbed such disparate personalities as I.B. Singer, Nat Hentoff and Dr. David Reuben. The reason I was thinking about *Cosmopolitan* at all had to do with money. I had written a long piece on the health and diet industry for *Harper's*. It had fallen through after a rewrite (also a question of style) and I was stuck with not only two articles but a drawer full of notes on dynabelts, yogurt, *anorexia nervosa*, Dr. Robert C. Atkins, Jack LaLanne, fat farms, the National Joggers Association and the Cyclamate Scandal of 1969. *Cosmo* was interested; I was amenable.

The style accosts you as soon as you step from the elevator into their reception hall: there are two enormous rattan (I asked) chairs that look borrowed from *Alice in Wonderland*, one couch artfully strewn with ruffled chintz pillows that looks borrowed from *Seventeen*, and six palm trees in pots assembled to suggest a desert oasis—all in an environment of blue and white wallpaper printed with little pagodas, little peacocks and little Chinese men astride exotic animals. It is an insinuating, all-pervasive style which reflects not only *Cosmo's* manner of advertising, lay-out, and choice of material but every facet of its being. Let's call it Feline Fake.

It was a surprise, given all that scenery, to find Articles Editor Roberta Ashley a warm, intelligent woman. She confirmed what I had heard before: that every single word in the magazine is considered and weighed before it goes to the printer. Even an article written by a veteran *Cosmo* writer is scrutinized by sub-editors, a senior editor and, finally, by Helen Gurley Brown herself. My subject was something Brown took very seriously. The main thing to keep in mind, Ashley said, was to be optimistic—to make an effort to adopt the attitude that everything in life can be made better. In other words, I was asked not to waste space by criticizing certain doctors, products or programs but instead to put together a compendium of techniques for losing weight and maintaining health that the *Cosmo Girl* could adopt. The *Cosmo Girl* was interested in improving the quality of her life and I, her agent, was to dig up ways to do this. That was okay with me. In fact, it seemed eminently fair.

To give me an idea of the slant involved, Ashley gave me reprints of five *Cosmo* articles illustrative of pragmatic optimism and a copy of "Editing (and Writing) Rules for *Cosmopolitan*," a sixteen-page, mimeographed pamphlet which would serve as my guide. Essentially, I would be recasting old material in a new style. I would be paid \$1,000 and I considered myself pretty lucky: it would take no time at all.

When I got home, I looked at the articles. One was titled: "If It's Chewsdays, It Must Be Gum!" Another was called "The Power of Touch." I can't remember the others, but I remember I was appalled. I got panicky. There seemed no way I could possibly write like that: it went beyond the mere question of style and into aspects of personal psychology, not to speak of politics. I wondered about the women who work at *Cosmopolitan*. Did

Helen Epstein is a short story writer and freelance journalist based in New York.

In which the author tries to sell a piece to *Cosmopolitan*, but can't summon up enough froth (not to mention ellipses and exclamation points) to play by the rules.

they have split personalities? Were they profoundly existential types? Did they really believe they were improving women's lives? Who knew? Nobody I knew.

I turned to the Rule Book. The title page read: "Following are the rules by which we painstakingly edit copy and the ones we often find broken (or ignored) by our writers. Nearly all are in *The Elements of Style* by Strunk and White. We hope you'll find them helpful."

A word about these people Strunk and White. William Strunk, Jr. was a professor of rhetoric at Cornell University who had *The Elements of Style* copyrighted in 1918. One of his students about that time was Elwyn Brooks White, who later went on to write *Charlotte's Web* and *Stuart Little*. In 1957, White rediscovered Strunk and wrote an article about him for *The New Yorker*. The result was that MacMillan reissued *The Elements of Style*, including White's article, Strunk's original 43-page work, and a chapter on style by White. This last contains such practical advice as "Write in a way that comes naturally," "Don't use dialect unless your ear is good," and "Be clear." The examples set forth to illustrate points are drawn from proverbs, history and literature: *The dramatists of the Restoration are little esteemed today, as opposed to Modern readers have little esteem for the dramatists of the Restoration*. The tone is calm and elegant.

The *Cosmo* Rule Book contains 29 items, each describing a fault and proposing means for its correction. As I browsed through the first few pages of commands and interdictions, it became clear to me that Strunk and White had been kidnapped. By Point 2, their ideals of clarity and pithiness had both fallen by the wayside.

2. Don't use the same word (or derivative) too many times in one sentence or one paragraph. This rule applies to pronouns, conjunctions, and articles (you, he, and, the, a, etc.) as well as all other words.

Bad: Be sure he doesn't fold his tent one night and decamp, leaving you unpaid! You may be paid on a commission basis, depending on how many sales result from your calls, or on an hourly basis.

Better: Be sure he doesn't fold his tent one night and decamp, leaving you unpaid! You may work on a commission basis, the take depending on how many sales result from your calls, or at an hourly rate.

I had difficulty understanding what was being proposed; but, then, I have always had difficulty distinguishing one drawing from the next on intelligence tests. I pushed on. My first clear instructions came at Points 5-7, which straight-

forwardly forbid the use of certain words:

5. Root out cliches and words that are just slightly tired. A cliché is any phrase that is so familiar the writer uses it as a kind of shorthand, thus avoiding the trouble of having to think of something more original! These are cliches:

Let's face it, it stands to reason, out of this world, everything but the kitchen sink, nitty-gritty, green with envy, drew a complete blank, coming up roses, ulterior motive, fraught with danger, outraged dignity, kicking over the traces, handwriting on the wall, the unvarnished truth, spread like wildfire...

Other tired words and phrases to avoid (most of the time): yummy, goodies, others (as in "he transferred his problems to others"), traipsing, things, type (as in athletic-type), trapping or snagging or snaring (a man), chances are, splurge, ran the gamut from (blank to blank), guy, no-nonsense, suddenly, wise (as in job-wise).

6. Avoid passe words (dated slang) just as you would cliches. Dated slang would include: groovy, swinging, all that jazz, up tight, freaked out, zonked, cat's meow.

7. Keep so-called "dirty words" to a minimum. Also avoid the vernacular in describing sexual activities or organs. Examples: Use "made love" or "had intercourse" not "balled," "screwed," "fucked," "laid," etc. Use "reached orgasm" or "climaxed" not "came."

Happily, I was not writing about sex for *Cosmo*; so this last point had little to do with me. On principle, though, I dislike editors who dictate my choice of words. Punctuation, on the other hand, seems to me a reasonable concern, especially since *Cosmopolitan* is awash in parentheses, italics, exclamation points and ellipses. In the Rule Book, I had thought to find guidelines: Was it a matter of random selection or was there any method in it?

There was no item regarding italics and no item regarding exclamation points. There was, however, an entire page devoted to the matter of the ellipse:

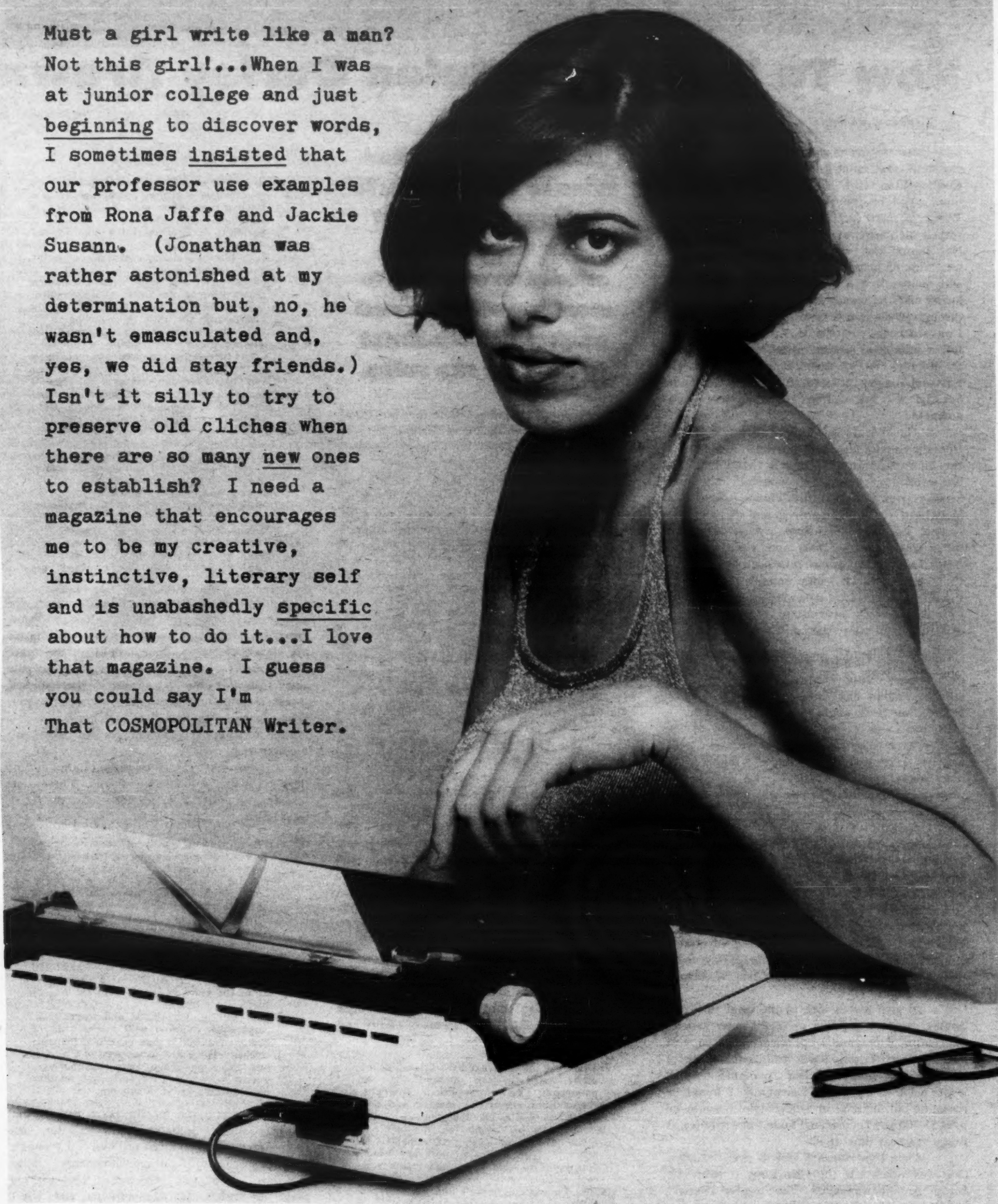
12. Break up long sentences, either by making two out of one or using ellipses or (more rarely) a semicolon.

Bad: Bill spins a record and leans back, resplendent, glowing with a hip kind of energy, and you find it hard to believe that this celebrity, No. 1 disc jockey west of Chicago, was, only a month ago, some little bourgeois gnome you wouldn't recognize, just another hard-working grunt in suit and tie, and that a year ago he was just one of 420 deejays in the Los Angeles area, droning on down the years in chorus with the rest of them.

Better: Bill spins a record and leans back, resplendent, glowing with a hip kind of energy. You find it hard to believe that this celebrity, No. 1 disc jockey west of Chicago, was, only a month ago, some little bourgeois gnome you wouldn't recognize...just another hard-working grunt in suit and tie.

No reason was given for the placement of this ellipse, which probably accounts for my speculating on the premises of Point 5. I thought: "spinning a record," "glowing with energy," "hard to believe," "hip" and "just another hard-working grunt" are cliches. "Only a month ago" and "No. 1 west of Chicago" sounded like rock songs. "Little bourgeois gnome" was not exactly a cliché, but it seemed harsh to me. I wouldn't even use it to describe Robert C. Atkins, the Doctor/Revolutionary. The reason I bring him up is to remind you that my proposed article for *Cosmo* dealt with the health and diet industry. Item 15 of the *Cosmo* Rule Book advises:

Must a girl write like a man?
Not this girl!...When I was
at junior college and just
beginning to discover words,
I sometimes insisted that
our professor use examples
from Rona Jaffe and Jackie
Susann. (Jonathan was
rather astonished at my
determination but, no, he
wasn't emasculated and,
yes, we did stay friends.)
Isn't it silly to try to
preserve old cliches when
there are so many new ones
to establish? I need a
magazine that encourages
me to be my creative,
instinctive, literary self
and is unabashedly specific
about how to do it...I love
that magazine. I guess
you could say I'm
That COSMOPOLITAN Writer.



Photographed by Armen Kachaturian

If you want to reach me you'll find me reading
THE THESAURUS®

15. Stay with the specific subject the article is about and remind the reader every so often what the subject is. In other words: keep the point of view and focus of the article clearly in mind. The theme will probably have something to do with the title of the article. That means everything in the piece—case histories, writer's own philosophy, statements by authorities, etc.—must tie into this original theme.

We are talking about the *Cosmo* Rule Book, which I was using as a guide to rewrite an article on the health and diet industry, about which both Helen Gurley Brown and myself feel serious, and we have come to Points 18 and 25, which stop beating around the bush and get right down to the nitty-gritty of Feline Fake.

25. Try to locate some of the buildings, restaurants, night clubs, parks, streets, as well as entire case histories in cities other than New York, even if you have to deliberately "plant" them elsewhere. Most writers live in New York; 92 per cent of our readers do not.

18. Unless you are a recognized authority on a subject, profound statements must be attributed to somebody appropriate, (even if the writer has to invent the authority).

Bad: All psychiatrists are basically Freudians.
Better: According to one practitioner who specializes in group therapy, "All psychiatrists are basically Freudians."

My problem was that I am basically honest. Besides, suppose I made up an authority and the FDA or AMA or FTC or even my mother asked me who it was? The health and diet industry is already filled with quacks, hypnotists, and charlatans of all kinds; I certainly did not need to invent any. I had spent several months collecting data, interviewing experts, experimenting with the different methods they advised and getting sick in the process. I had a couple of profound statements of my own to make and it seemed to me that making them was in the interests of the *Cosmo* Girl. There were rip-offs and instances of malpractice involved.

Enter the problems of Items 27 and 28.

27. Don't be relentlessly depressing. If subject matter of an article is downbeat per se (as in "Women in Prison") search out the positive efforts being made to improve the situation.

28. Avoid attacking advertisers (cosmetics, liquor, bra and girdle, etc.) and where convenient, mention advertised brands rather than non-advertised competition.

Well. Since I do not read *Cosmopolitan*, I had no idea who their advertisers were, even if I had cared to follow their suggestion. I decided the Rule Book would serve no additional purpose and set it aside. Then I tried to write my article. It took several weeks and a great deal of ingenuity—ingenuity in

coming up with cogent reasons for continuing with the project at all. I thought it was possible to compromise in the matter of style but not content. I threw in two dozen ellipses and more parentheses, italics and exclamation points. My last line was: "Remember—it's far better to look like a bonbon than to eat one."

I began to hope they would not take the piece and, sure enough, they didn't. My agent received the following letter from Articles Editor Ashley:

Sorry to say that the Helen Epstein diet article did not make it here. Actually I liked it and thought she did a well-researched piece...a little quiet but nicely written. However...however, despite admonitions, she did come out against Dr. Atkins somewhat and we've done a profile on him and excerpted his books. An overall partisan attitude in what should have been a sprightly report really didn't help Helen's cause. I would like to try her again if she is not too discouraged with us. I would trust her endlessly on research organization and yes good sentences...but for *Cosmo* we need a bit more fun...irreverence...a little more sardonic...livelier.

Could it be that chintz and rattan are more debilitating than kryptonite, and a daily dose of palm trees makes one really believe that *Cosmo* mirage?

Why So Little Investigative Reporting?

BY ROBERT M. SMITH

We have recently seen the canonization of the investigative reporter. When I was reporting in Washington just over a year ago, the investigative reporter got little attention and less praise. Although he did the most basic of journalistic jobs—digging out new and sometimes elaborately hidden information—most editors did not think of the investigative reporter as the mainstay of their newspaper. He was vaguely regarded as a kind of police reporter—better than that, since he was in Washington—but still a police reporter.

We all know about police reporters: They sit in dilapidated press rooms in or next to police headquarters; they associate with criminals (or worse, police); their reporting is of the old formula variety; the work takes little, if any, thought, strong legs and a certain unscrupulousness. I remember the police "shack" in Manhattan—next to the gun shops—where a *Daily News* man posed as a police captain to find out whether a girl who had jumped onto the subway tracks had been pregnant. (For a farewell to the shack, see *The Big Apple*, page 12).

A revulsion against police reporting took place in the early '60s with a new generation of journalists, who saw the answer to television and a better-educated readership in explication, background, interpretation. With one edition instead of seven and a de-emphasis on being first at the fire, with less space for purse snatches and more for the causes of riots, with more attention to the sociology of police behavior and less to criminal activity (unless it was organized and therefore not reported from the shack), the old police reporter got fewer calls from the city desk and spent more time figuring out his retirement benefits.

Then, presto: Watergate. Readers applauded that basic, dogged reporting, not by those big-time Washington guns—just two police reporters with legs of steel and the persistence of

Most critics blame frightened and venal publishers or lazy and unimaginative reporters, but the reasons are much more complicated than that, says a *Times* man who has been there.

Silly Putty. That'll teach you, Washington press corps. Shorn of expense accounts, off your duffs, distrustful of well-placed friends and the town's incestuous back-scratching—you could have done it too.

Maybe, maybe. But you can't despise the hard-nosed police reporter and have him, too. Personality, environment, professional expectations and demands all work against any meaningful supply of police reporters in Washington. When I was there, I used to think there were only half a dozen first-rate investigative reporters in town. That may have been uncharitable but there sure weren't many. How come? the Watergate morticians demanded, then answered their own raspy chorus with either an indictment of the Publishers (growl) or the Establishment press corps (hiss).

Not so. Many publishers would love to print the kind of stories that get bigger circulation, publicity, prestige and sometimes Pulitzer Prizes. If not many—for those stories do involve spending money and taking certain legal risks and offending some heavies—then at least some. Certainly enough. Remember the string of papers

that printed Ellsberg's documents when they were handed to them. And there are a lot of Washington reporters who would have turned in their Congressional parking permits, their next appearance on educational television and two speaking engagements for one good Watergate beat. But the publishers couldn't hire the investigative reporters and the beat correspondents couldn't turn themselves into investigators. The reasons are institutional and personal. Here are some of them:

Frustrations. First, there are the obvious scourges, the daily frustrations: hundreds of telephone calls, dozens of which go unanswered; scores of people who would rather be talking with the most supercharged insurance salesman than with you; and lying, lying, lying. There is an old bromide imparted to young Washington reporters. Always ask yourself, they are told, "Why is this bastard lying to me?" Being lied to becomes so much a part of the investigative reporter's life that once or twice a year he asks himself, "Why is this guy telling me the truth?"

There are the psychic frustrations. I once did battle with the Agency for International Development (AID), to the point of threatening a law suit in order to see the training program for their South American police instruction. The AID official upon whose experience the film "State of Siege" is based, Dan Mitrione, had been kidnapped in Uruguay and I wanted to see whether aid to South American police included instruction on interrogation (torture?). They repeatedly balked, but finally told me I could inspect the program files. Arriving at AID an hour early, I saw an agency employee carrying boxes of papers out of the room where the files were.

Even when you win, sometimes you lose. Occasionally, for example, the government yields in the skirmish for more lasting benefit to itself. That is what happened when I threatened the F.B.I. with a Freedom of Information suit in order to get a copy of its internal house organ, *The Investigator*. I had received a tip that the FBI's offices overseas—the so-called legal attaches—

Robert M. Smith did investigative and other reporting for the Washington bureau of The New York Times for three years until he left to attend Yale Law School where he is now a second year student.

were collecting and sending home large amounts of intelligence about their various countries. While reporting the story, I happened to see a copy of *The Investigator* that had a feature on the FBI's man in Spain. It struck me that one of the photos would provide a good illustration for the piece I planned.

There ensued a major struggle, with telegrams going to Hoover, then Kleindienst, then Mitchell. We stuck to our request in the face of refusals to give the *Times* a copy of the magazine. Finally, with our still threatening suit, John Mitchell yielded. He sent the photos we wanted, but with an important disclaimer. Just in case any newsman should want *The Investigator* or something like it from the FBI or the Justice Department in the future, Mitchell's letter of transmittal closed with this sentence: "Since this is being made available to you as a matter of administrative discretion, it is unnecessary for me to consider whether you are legally entitled to it."

My wife would call me remiss if I did not point out how the conditions of investigative journalism begin to warp the reporter's psyche. The skepticism necessary in your work begins to lap over into your personal life, so that you come to scrutinize carefully the motivations of everyone from the TV repairman (profitably) to your friends and acquaintances (not so profitably). You begin to spend idyllic hours soaking up the photographic innocence of *Vermont Life*.

Closely allied is the necessity to fend off paranoia. I think I kept my paranoia under fairly effective control until I met at my home with a member of a government intelligence agency. When he left, this man went out into our quiet street in suburban Washington—the scene of walks with my dog, children on tricycles and smoke from backyard barbecues—got quickly into his car, started it up in the darkness and sped off with no lights, constantly looking over his shoulder to see if any other cars on the street, my street, followed his shadowy sedan.

Whether facing John Mitchell's unmitigated scorn at a breakfast interview or a Wall Street analyst's innocent protestations ("You think I did something wrong?"), the investigative reporter has to hold to his nasty, his embarrassing, questions. During the 1968 student strike at Harvard, President Nathan M. Pusey was inaccessible to the press and it was impossible to get information from the university administration. One morning I was walking across the Yard, when, strolling across my path, came a rather gray President Pusey. I went up to him, identified myself and asked a question. He answered it. The university's head flack, Pinkerton I think his name was, asked me later in the day whether I intended to use the information he said I had unfairly wrested from this sorely beset educator. I said yes. Pinkerton—or someone—called the *Times*. Before deadline I got a call from a *Times* executive asking me what had happened. When I told him, he asked whether I felt it would not be inappropriate, perhaps unfeeling, to use the answer. Perhaps we had taken advantage of an extremely troubled and unhappy man. As I thought about it, sitting there on the phone in Harvard Yard, I agreed that it would not be the most gentlemanly thing we could do; perhaps I had been too tough. When does toughness in pursuit of a story become a vice? And when you are leaving the bureau for the day, how do you drop toughness in your top drawer next to your tan notebook?

Backscratching. There is still the feeling—right through the most sophisticated levels of the government—that there are cooperative reporters and uncooperative reporters. Some officials clearly



try to identify and reward the former, identify and punish the latter. These officials know that there is little any reporter can do about the day's events—good or bad. But they also sense that there is an area of discretion in how the reporter explicates, how he analyzes and, perhaps most important, in what he sees as worth poking into. I was told by good, solid reporters at the Justice Department that they had once overheard the Department flack say loudly and angrily to one well-known reporter, "I thought you were on our side." My own reprimand took the form of a telephone call from an Administration official the day a news analysis

of mine relating to Kleindienst and the ITT affair appeared. "Pretty tough piece, wasn't it?" he asked. I said I had written it the way it looked. "You'll probably lose your sources now, won't you?" he said. I did—that is, I lost access to Kleindienst and some of his subordinates.

Power and the Inside-Dopester. Reporters are drawn to Washington, at least in part, by the city's power and prestige. Any reporter who steps off the presidential press plane in Savannah and sees those crowds and knows he is covering the Ultimate Leader has to feel some pride, some excitement. If he doesn't, he has probably been on the beat too

long. The Washington press corps is also packed with what David Riesman called "inside-dopesters," people who bask in knowing what others don't. Some of what you learn you may not be able to print—a lot of it is probably not worth printing—but, you *know* it. The investigative reporter—because he is so clearly regarded as the adversary and because he does not have to be dealt with day-to-day by department officials—gets very little of that kind of dope. So what? So nothing, except that it is a minor psychic reward designed to feed the egos of the kind of people—including reporters—drawn to Washington.

Background and Contacts. By the nature of his job, the investigative reporter flits from story to story. Hence, he builds up little ongoing expertise and few major contacts in any one area. He may have a network of tipsters or informers or people with whom he can check in various departments but his group of key contacts is spread thin. I remember being called on to do some piece about the Antitrust Division of Justice, for example (an area ordinarily in the domain of a financial reporter). Sometime during the day the financial reporter was talking to someone in Antitrust who asked who was doing the story for the *Times*. When she said Bob Smith, he was surprised. "The only people he knows," the official said, "are the squealers."

At a time when newspapers put a premium on expertise and interpretation (properly), the investigative reporter has little substantive expertise to offer. For him personally, this means three important things.

First, most of the rewards in the business go to expertise. Who writes for the *News of the Week* in Review? Who goes on television? Who gets the book offers? Who is touted in the house ads? It would be unlikely if there were no correlation between such tokens of esteem and salary.*

Second, the beat reporter increases his value to the paper—any paper—over time. Ben A. Franklin of the *Times* knows more about strip mining, for example, than anybody outside the coal companies. E.M. Kenworthy of the *Times* knows more about photochemical pollution than some air quality controllers. As people like these add knowledge and sources daily, their worth to the paper increases. What about the investigator? His expertise is procedural: He knows how to dig out information, a skill that *sounds* rather basic. But to a large extent success depends on persistence and energy. When middle age rolls around—when energy or will slackens—what differentiates the experienced investigative reporter from the kid who was just promoted from copy boy? Not a hell of a lot. He must be "up" for every new puzzle, and that's more important than being able to relate the strange shapes to vaguely similar shapes of past puzzles.

Third—and most important—investigative reporting is not *intellectually* challenging. It is fun; there is a thrill to the chase. When the President holds a closed meeting with a group of business leaders at 9 p.m., there is suspense as you wonder whether you'll find out what he said in time to get it in the second edition; there is exhilaration when you run back to the bureau with the information and dictate it to a rewrite man in New York; and there is pride the next day when a partner in a Wall Street firm refuses to believe the *Times* didn't somehow sneak a reporter into the meeting itself.

*Jack Anderson, the *Times*' Seymour Hersh and (at least for the present) the *Washington Post*'s Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein do get these opportunities, but they are exceptions. Anderson, as an independent columnist, merchandises himself. Hersh is an extraordinary reporter, and the first reporting enterprise to bring him fame—the Mylai story—was done as a freelance for Dispatch News Service. Both Mylai and Watergate (Woodward and Bernstein) were not episodic investigations but sustained dramas that lent themselves to interpretation, not to say books.

(Actually, we waited outside the White House gates, flagged Cadillacs down as they rolled out and buttonholed the few businessmen who had decided to walk back to the Hay-Adams.)

Investigative reporting is most often a test of manipulative skills and research abilities, of gab and shrewdness. It seldom involves working with concepts, trends, ideas. This is true at a time when young reporters—the counterparts of their audience—are coming to the craft better educated, more sophisticated and with higher expectations about the material they want to process and how they want to process it. What editors saw ten years ago was a strong aversion on the part of cubs to cover the police station; in Washington, it is an aversion to do the work of the police reporter's supercharged analogue, the investigative reporter. Crepe soles look as if they belong to another generation.

Having said all this, how do I propose we get what we obviously need—more good investigative reporters? Basically, I think, the art must be redefined, or at least reshaped, in these specific ways:

- Recognize that it takes sophistication to be an investigator today. Look for, or train, people who can read a budget to determine whether the amount the government is spending on chemical and biological warfare has in fact gone down, who can understand antitrust law well enough to judge whether Richard McLaren abused his Justice Department post in accepting an antitrust settlement with ITT.

- Recognize what investigative reporting is *not*. It is not getting the story one day ahead—it is not printing what a congressman will say about his telephone being tapped the next day on the House floor or disclosing the contents of the first-draft of a General Accounting report that will be released in two weeks anyway.

- Expand the scope of investigative reporting. Investigative reporters now focus almost exclusively on the government and its activities. We need more energy directed to institutions that are

more difficult to see the inside of—private institutions. Not just GM and IBM, but the Ford Foundation, art museums, the United Church of Christ, Ralph Nader's enterprises and the Kiwanis. Some will argue that publishers may balk at publishing investigative material about private institutions. Journalists won't know if they don't try—and it is likely that if some papers have the backbone to publish such reporting, others will be compelled to follow.

- From the reporter's viewpoint, journalism should be an on-going education. That means covering more than scandals. It means occasionally dipping into substantive areas like law and economics. And in covering scandals, it means looking for cause and effect, not just event.

- Finally, the investigator should look at more general phenomena—at what are being passed off as the important conditions and changes in the society. In a time of mass myth-makers (including many government officials), and fashionable ideologues (who include many academics), reporting has to look for at least segments of reality. It is, for example, a principal contention of this Administration that giving money back to state and local governments and letting them spend it results in economy, efficiency and responsibility. Does it? John Kenneth Galbraith has recently asserted that American corporations are being managed not for the benefit of their stockholders, workers or consumers but in the interest of the technocrats who run them. Are they?

In Washington this kind of reporting is not likely to entail a frontal assault on the Pentagon or the Bureau of Indian Affairs. For a start, it might mean shuttling intelligently between what the FBI calls the Seat of Government and the field—between migrants and the Labor Department, air controllers in Guam and Jerry Friedheim at the Pentagon, law communes and the Supreme Court. This would not only expand the scope and reduce the frustrations of the investigative reporter; it would help give newspapers what they ought to crave—insights based on the discovery of new facts as well as the analysis of old ones.

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LIVERIGHT

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An 'Extremist' Escapes From Chile

BY MARC COOPER

Considering that certain reports by foreign correspondents have distorted the situation that presently exists throughout the country, and in order to facilitate accurate news reporting in the future, all foreign correspondents are cordially requested to accredit themselves with the military government's press relations offices located on the third floor of the Hotel Carrera-Sheraton. All registered journalists will be granted the privileges and rights that correspond to their professional labors...

—Communique #21 broadcast by the Junta of the Chilean military government, September 13, 1973.

Chilean: The military operations currently being carried out are directed solely against those national and foreign extremists that have tried to disrupt our way of life. Thousands of foreigners have come to Chile in order to murder Chileans. Citizen: It is your duty to inform the nearest military authority about suspicious foreigners in your neighborhood. DENOUNCE THEM!!

—Text of a leaflet dropped over Santiago by the Chilean Air Force, September 13, 1973.

The last press conference I attended in Chile was held on the afternoon of September 10 inside the National Army Headquarters. We were informed by President Allende's Minister of Defense that we could all look forward to the festive character of the traditional September 19 military parade. I went to the conference accompanied by a camera crew from the government's channel seven television station. I never saw them again. The military parade was never held, or at least not as originally planned.

Marc Cooper, who was a translator for the late President Allende of Chile and a correspondent for Pacifica Radio, escaped from Santiago on a United Nations plane at the height of the recent military coup.

"As I approached my building, I saw a white sheet hanging from my bedroom balcony. It was the official sign that my apartment had been liberated by Chilean troops."

The next day, as the forces of the military junta were clearing downtown buildings and factories of all Allende supporters, I was anxious to leave a friend's house and get into the streets to see what was happening. But my credentials and identification were locked in my apartment some five miles away. As I walked out the door to go fetch these papers, an excited neighbor called to inform me that I had become the center of a great debate within my apartment complex. The conservative, middle-class tenants in my building could not decide if I was really a foreign journalist or one of those foreign extremists who had been sent to murder them. Since all identified "extremists" were being rewarded with a military raid against their living quarters, followed by an arrest and transfer to the detention camp inside the national football stadium, I decided to stay put until the neighborhood tribunal determined my status.

Compared to many of my Chilean

colleagues, my plight was relatively comfortable. More than a hundred of them were arrested merely because they worked for media that had been sympathetic to Allende. On the first day of the coup, several left-wing newspaper offices burned to the ground. At ten in the morning that day, the 15 Santiago leftist radio stations were notified by the military that they would have to cease transmission within five minutes or "face the obvious consequences." Six minutes later rockets fired from British-built Hawker Hunter jets of the Chilean Air Force systematically removed the stations from the air.

As I sat in my friend's safe, suburban home, I kept telling myself that a government presided over by a general who had been trained at Fort Bragg, N.C., would not be interested in persecuting an American journalist, even if he was from Pacifica Radio. However, as I sat and awaited a decision on the part of my neighbors, the military radio announcers talked ominously about the newspapers burned down "accidentally" and read

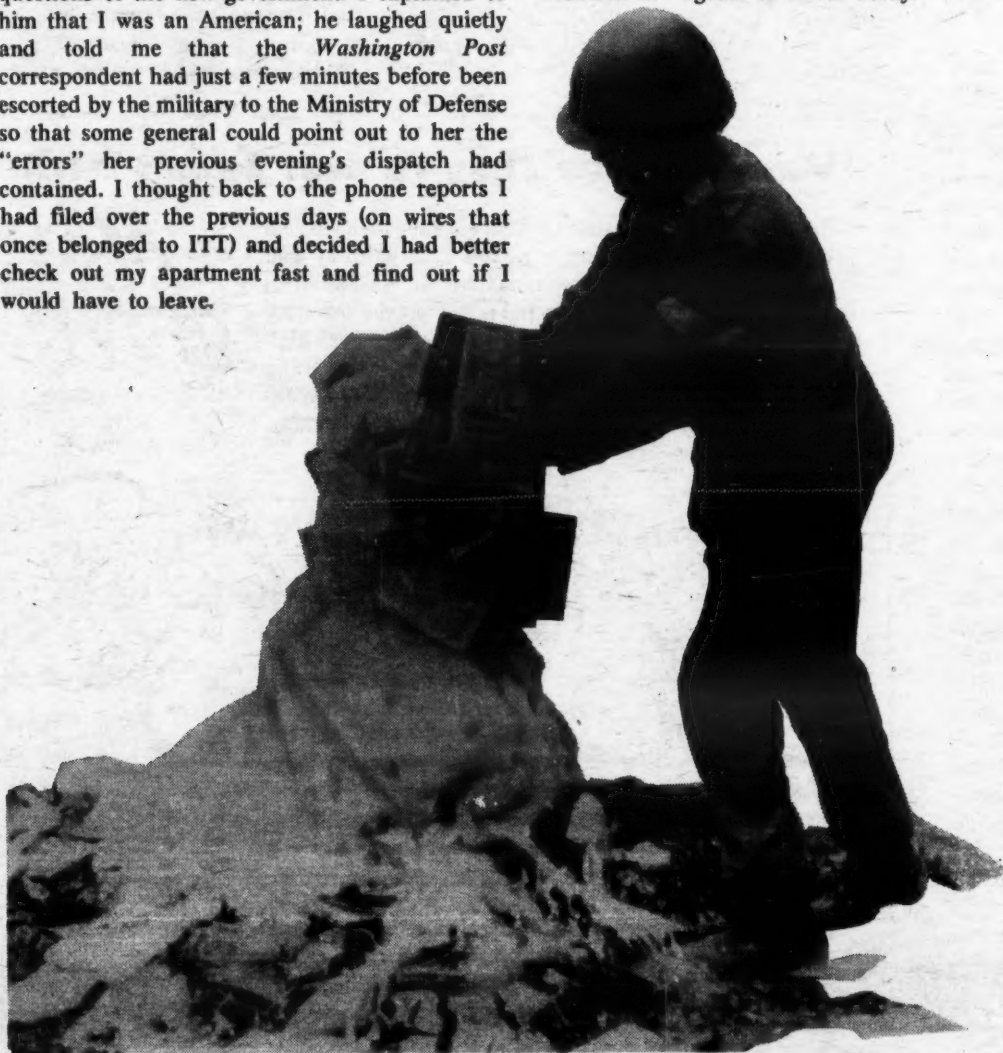


off lists of foreigners ordered to turn themselves in to police immediately. Any foreigner on these lists who refused would "face the obvious consequences." While the jury was still out in my case, it had already passed judgment on four 20-year-old American students who lived two floors below me. Their apartment was searched once by the police, twice by the army and once again by a citizens committee of the most upright anti-communists in the housing complex. Dangerous books, posters, and other now illegal literature were confiscated and the students placed under house arrest. Twenty other apartments in our building were broken into and their inhabitants taken away under suspicion of being "foreign extremists." Three evenings later, I switched on Armed Forces TV, by then the only show in town, and I suddenly got the feeling that my case would soon be decided. The Army was airing a half-hour documentary on the raid against the housing project that my apartment was in. It was now being revealed to all of Chile (myself included) that the San Borja Apartments were really the "world headquarters of the Tupamaros and other Cuban-trained guerrilla organizations." The army captain who narrated the show, for many years the sportscaster of his company's five-watt radio station, chatted with the colonel who led the field maneuvers in a style much like a post-game dugout interview. I fixed on the screen, trying to see if my apartment still had any windows or if they had been batted out by tank shells.

The following day I worked up enough courage to inspect my place, en route carefully avoiding the myriad roadblocks and pedestrian checkpoints thrown up around the city. I stopped at the Hotel Carrera to see what the other journalists (the foreign ones) thought of our predicament. After swallowing a couple of strong *pisco* sours at the bar, I began speaking with a Mexican correspondent at my side who promptly warned me to stay off the streets and to ask no questions of the new government. I explained to him that I was an American; he laughed quietly and told me that the *Washington Post* correspondent had just a few minutes before been escorted by the military to the Ministry of Defense so that some general could point out to her the "errors" her previous evening's dispatch had contained. I thought back to the phone reports I had filed over the previous days (on wires that once belonged to ITT) and decided I had better check out my apartment fast and find out if I would have to leave.

As I approached my building, I saw a white sheet hanging from my bedroom balcony. It was the official sign that my apartment had been liberated by Chilean troops and that I had been declared a "foreign extremist." A friendly neighbor spotted me trying to duck behind a lamp post and she came over and explained what actually had happened. The citizens' jury, hopelessly deadlocked for three days, finally agreed upon a compromise. My home was not to be searched, but rather inspected to see if there was cause for a more thorough search. Not wanting to take the law into its hands, the committee called the army, which shot open my door and began the inspection. Halfway through, they decided that a search was indeed in order as they stumbled upon my book collection, which they quickly labeled my "stockpile of subversive literature." Eventually books and personal papers were carted outside, piled up with those of my Uruguayan floormates, and burned. Ironically, the majority of my books were from publishers operating out of Spain, a country not noted for its liberated views.

From that point on, my only desire was to get out of Chile in one piece, something I managed some hours later thanks to a United Nations charter flight. Crossing over the Andes, heading for Buenos Aires, I did a body count on the Chilean media. Before the coup, 12 dailies were published in Santiago, ranging from the organ of Fatherland and Freedom (a group on the far right) to *The Rebel* on the extreme left. Now only three remain, all published by right-wing parties and even so subject to severe military censorship. The task is neatly assigned: one paper is censored by the Army, one by the Navy, one by the Air Force. Of the 40 radio stations that broadcast before the takeover, 15 remain on the air. All news programs are prepared by the information office of the Joint Military Command. Less than a dozen of the 75 magazines once available on the newsstands still circulate. Even a few fashion publications are gone, banned as "agents of moral decay."



Most schools perpetuate the lie that girls are innately sweet and domestic while boys are tough and aggressive. Barbara Grizzuti Harrison was one of a group of parents who set out to change this state of affairs in the school their children attend. The parents were black, white, feminist, anti-feminist, and they had a lot to learn about getting along with one another. As you'd expect, Ms. Harrison does a first-rate job of reporting the experience.

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Inspector Doyle And Other Amazements

Since practically the turn of the century, reporters covering New York City police headquarters in Manhattan have worked out of a warren of impossibly dingy, gritty offices that were consolidated about 1940 into "the shack" at Number 4 Centre Market Place directly behind the headquarters building. Over the years, the newsmen there labored in virtual anonymity and near total isolation from the city rooms further up and downtown, and the shack became a tight little island of old-fashioned, Front Page journalism—with a full complement of legends, heroes and traditions all its own. The transfer of police headquarters to a new building at Park Row this month forced the police reporters to desert their old building as well, but not without a bit of reminiscing and a farewell block party Oct. 8. Newsweek general editor, David M. Alpern, who broke in at the shack as a cub reporter for United Press International in 1962, here offers recollections culled from his own stint and those of shack veterans past and present:

It was as close to Ben Hecht as you could get—a funny mix of sloth and scoops. Many shack regulars seemed to find the news an intrusion on their endless card games, bull sessions or catnaps. When the big stories broke, of course, you learned otherwise—watching bravura performances of savvy street reporting that no journalism school could ever duplicate. But in between the biggies, there was always that slightly smothering sense of ritualized routine.

Keep your eye on the colored lights. The first thing that caught your eye was the row of colored lights on the front of the building, one for each newspaper or wire service. They were connected to the telephones, and once you learned which light was yours, you could bask out on the front bench with the other guys and still make it up to your office in time to answer a call from your city desk.

The other essential apparatus was inside. On the ground floor sat the slip machine that did so much of your legwork. Hooked into the official NYPD communications system, it steadily printed out important police calls—fires, disturbances, robberies and homicides—with all the relevant addresses and precinct numbers you needed to start your reporting. On the wall was the firebell that sounded out alarms. The real deans of the shack knew the code number and location of every firebox in the city and most of the others could tell at least the general area of the fire from the bell code. (If it was East Harlem on a cold winter's night, they started to talk about "a guaranteed roast.") There were also radio receivers in most offices with which to monitor squad car cross-talk—and a direct phone line from headquarters, on which you were summoned across the narrow (one-car-at-a-time) street to headquarters itself.

One for all... Throughout the place, an air of mutual help and protection prevailed. On minor stories, one reporter (generally the youngest) made the necessary phone calls—to the precinct house, fire headquarters, perhaps a house or bar with a view of the disaster in question. Then he would share the results with the other reporters. If he hadn't asked all the right questions, back he'd be sent to try again.

You even covered for guys you never saw. In one particularly dusty office, belonging to a news organization which shall remain nameless, a yellowed index card was taped to the wall over the telephone. Intended for reporters from other papers who might wander in to answer the phone, its message was simple and direct: Even if you haven't seen a reporter in this office for six months, when the phone rings and his desk asks for him, just say he's across the street talking to the commissioner.

Long distance. That protective tradition had its finest hour in 1957 when Nick Pileggi of The Associated Press (and now of New York magazine, Esquire and points east) missed a flight from London to New York—where he was due back on duty at the shack after a European vacation. Pileggi had started at the police shack at such a tender age that after five years he was known as "The Dean of the Boy Reporters" and there were plenty of people willing to look out for him. "I called the shack from London," he recalls, "and the guys there gave me what they called 'the watch.' They arranged to call me at my hotel if any story broke that I should call in. And I would have phoned the story right back to AP in New York. As it happened, nothing happened. The only thing the guys at the shack were mad at was that I missed the nightly poker game."

Inspector Doyle and other amazements.

Yes, guys goofed off. But there was at the shack a dogged, inventive, eternally skeptical reporting style on stories that really counted. The pros knew who to call and how to call them. Cops all around the city trusted them—or owed them favors for small mentions in past stories. Imitation was raised to a high art in the service of breaking news. The shack veterans could

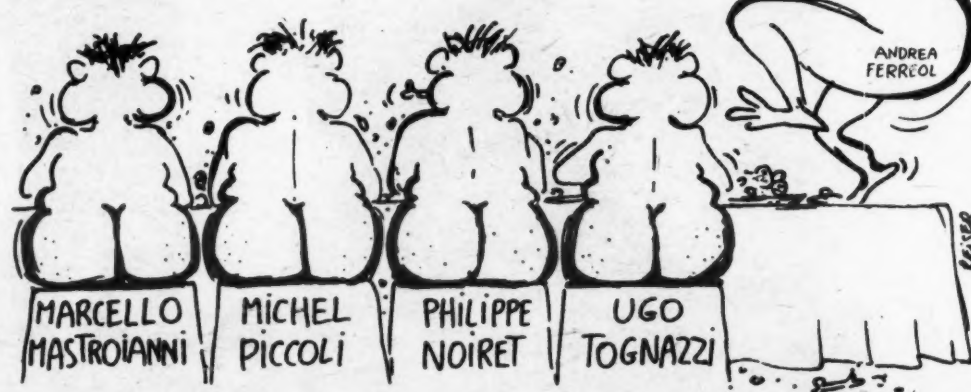


Inspector Doyle and Keystone Kop at farewell party for Manhattan's police shack.

capture the exact style and tone of an upper echelon police official on the phone and worm a full report from some unsuspecting patrolman or detective "at the scene." Patrick Doyle, who still works the headquarters beat for the Daily News, is known as Inspector Doyle in part because of his faultless technique. When the first tip came on the 1963 Wylie-Hoffert "career girl slayings," Doyle immediately called the murdered girls' apartment and within minutes had some lieutenant describing the whole bloody scene. The Manhattan shack probably had the story even before the boss of the local detective squad. (Doyle is a natural phenomenon. When police headquarters was

"Are We Sure They're Just Eating With Their Hands?"

"The Grand Bouffe" a French film about four men who eat themselves to death during a weekend of gluttony and debauchery, is not for queasy stomachs. At the Times, in fact, even the advertisement for the movie proved too spicy (below). "We don't accept things that are suggestive," explained Bernard Stein, of the newspaper's advertising acceptability department, which sent the ad back to Diener Hauser Greenthal with instructions to touch up illustrations here and there (right)...



bombed in 1970, he was blown right out of his chair on the shack's second floor. He ended up in nearby Beekman-Downtown Hospital, but not before calling in the story.)

Deans, howitzers and siegeguns. By such names did the shack reporters denote the most venerable pros in their midst, men like Tony Marino of the *News*, Joe Endler of the *Herald Tribune*, Guy Passant of the *Times*, and Arthur Rosenfeld of the *New York Post*. The Hall of Fame (or Infamy) runneth over: "The Baron" De Hirsh Margules, who was a noted police reporter; Manny "The Penman" Levine, of the old *American*, so named because he had a nasty habit of sending unflattering letters about his colleagues to their bosses; Willie "Killer" Kane of the AP. There was Ben Finkelstein of the *Trib*, who never got a byline in 46 years on the job; during the day he ran a real estate advertising agency (with some 60 employees), or so it was said, and often slept on his desk at the shack at night. "He was the only guy I ever saw who slept with his hands in his pockets," recalls a colleague.

To the late Frank Adams, haughty city editor of the *Times*, shack reporters were "the Centre Market Place Aborigines." Other editors may have thought of them as stokers on an ocean liner: you counted on their efforts to keep the ship moving, but couldn't really face having them at your table. Many shack men eventually went on to more lofty endeavors, however. Joseph Mitchell and A.J. Liebling of *The New Yorker* both served some time at the shack. So did Gay Talese (*The Kingdom and the Power, Honor Thy Father*), James Mills (*Panic in Needle Park*) Richard Dougherty (*The Commissioner*), and Ronald Maiorana, Nelson

Rockefeller's top flack.

As it happened, some of the most colorful characters around the shack weren't reporters at all but residents of the building at Number 4 and those next to it on a block otherwise noted for several gunshops frequented (mostly) by the police. Everybody knew little Jimmy Buns and his family. Jimmy, generally in his undershirt, played cards with the reporters and gratefully accepted fresh fish caught by the *Daily Mirror's* John ("Hello, deskie?") Rogan before he went on duty. What everybody (or at least I) didn't know was that the family's name was really Mancuso. They became "the Bunsies" simply because whenever things got hectic, Jimmy or one of his clan was dispatched for coffee and sweetrolls.

That's entertainment. There was nothing as disconcerting of a night as watching blue-coated patrolmen and officers collect around the shack's temperamental TV to watch "Dragnet" or "Perry Mason." Who, one wondered, was watching the real crime?

But occasionally there was meat more tantalizing on which to feast. In 1955, for example, one successful series of raids on local pornography emporiums by the Morals Squad resulted in a record crush at the shack. Reporters from all over the city were sent over by editors demanding samples for the private collections in their lower left-hand desk drawers. Also on hand were some of the arresting officers, some assistant district attorneys who figured they might have to prosecute the case, personnel from the main desk at headquarters and the property clerk's office (from which veteran shack reporters had "borrowed" a projector and which, consequently, was closed for normal business for the duration of the performance).

The biggest office in the shack belonged to the *Times*, so it was the one transformed into Centre Market Cinema with the aid of a screen (bed sheet) borrowed from the Bunsies. The main feature, I was told, was "Lucky Pierre, the Radio Repairman," even then an ancient, horrible, camp porn flick, according to one of those privileged to be in the audience. And so powerful was the projector that the action went right through the bed sheet and onto the looming gray wall of the headquarters building across the street, now magnified to 10 times life-size. Within seconds the direct line from headquarters was jangling. "Hey, will you guys get that screwing off the wall," barked an officer on the other end. Then he hung up and came over for the rest of the show, which was by then being projected (safely) on the rear wall of the *Times* office.

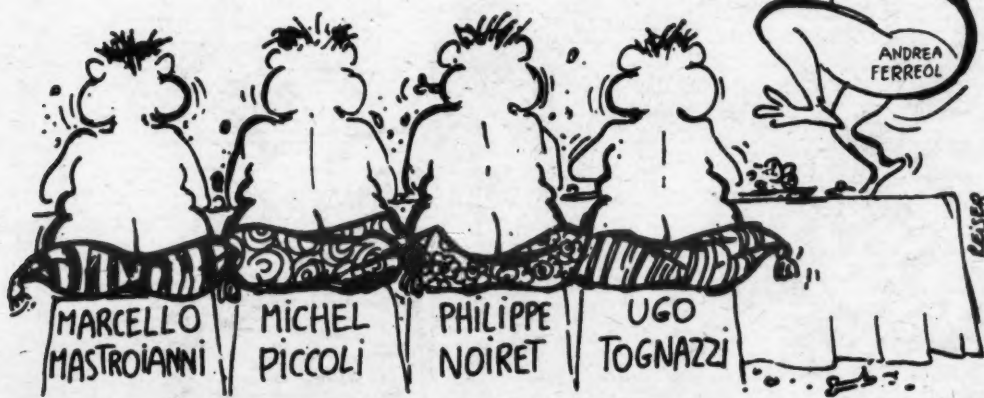
Auld Lang Syne. They were all there, all those still alive and able to make it back. Men who'd been away from the shack for years, gone on to bigger things or quiet retirement, returned to Centre Market Place for the farewell block party. The street was decked with colored lights and balloons and the shack alumni stood around in the balmy evening to drink free booze and brew (you needed *something* to wash down the free hot dogs) and to trade stories about the old days. Gabe Pressman of WNEW-TV remembered his first assignment from the shack: interviewing the sister of a woman just murdered by her policeman ex-husband (an eight-column head in the *World-Telegram*, he thought). John Weisberger of the *Journal-American* (a gun-toting fire buff *extraordinaire* in his time) recalled how he was nearly roasted at a department store fire on Fulton Street 25 years ago. "This will scare my wife because she doesn't know the episode," said John. Little Mike Pearl of the *Post* (and, originally, the *Mirror*) laughed, meanwhile, about the way the old guys like Weisberger once made fun of him for riding a bicycle to work—and about the time they set fire to his notes while he was calling in a story. "Well, it was a story about a fire, wasn't it?" said Tom Zumbo of UPI.

Cops in authentic turn-of-the-century uniforms strolled the street while a band played Dixieland. Phil "Stitch" McCarthy of the *News* wore a bowler hat as he served up the drinks. And was that the more diminutive Ed "Half-Stitch" McCarthy of UPI I saw in the crowd? Mayoral candidates Beame, Blumenthal and Biaggi showed up to cultivate the Fourth Estate, and John Lindsay actually got taken on a tour of the shack. It was the outgoing mayor's first time inside. "They wouldn't let me in before," said Lindsay. But the occasion really belonged to the reporters. "Remember the way we used to sit around rooting for a good homicide?" asked *Newsday* national correspondent David Gelman (who started as a *Post* copy boy). And Stitch McCarthy nudged Tony Marino with a parting thought: "If this block could only talk, huh Tony? If this block could only talk!" Ben Hecht himself could hardly have written a better kicker.

—DAVID M. ALPERN

lands, Bernie?"

"I was not surprised to get it back," said Robert Katz, an account executive at the agency. Indeed, he waited until he got the *Times*' reaction before sending the ad to the *Post* and *Daily News*, each of which got and ran the modified version. Predictably, the wicked *Village Voice* published the original drawing. Subway posters appeared unexpurgated, too, though many riders were seen shielding their eyes from the offense by burying themselves in their newspapers.



Leaks . . .

(continued from page 1)

points out that the deluge of leaks damaged the investigation, perhaps fatally, in a variety of ways. The leaks and counterleaks sharpened everyone's partisan instincts, which had been relatively dormant until then. The complete lack of control made the committee look amateurish. And, adds Lenzner, "the leaks hurt us badly in an investigative way. People are reluctant to give us anything. Lawyers say they don't want their client coming in unless we can guarantee that it all won't leak out. And how can we guarantee that?"

Worst of all, with the exception of the Butterfield revelations about the Nixon tapes, the leakage has denied the committee credit for some solid investigative findings and fueled the growing impression that its work is mostly re-hash. In several instances the press—already guilty of too much self-congratulation—got credit that properly belonged to the committee. Some of these leaks seem to have been deliberate, aimed at undermining support for extending the hearings. Others were the result of simple blabbing. Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, for instance, apparently got the story of the Secret Service bugging of Donald Nixon by a committee staff man. They got a no-comment from Prosecutor Cox's office, which knew about the taps. This they took as confirmation. With a bit of fast legwork, they had another of their scoops. Still another Woodward and Bernstein exclusive suspected to have come from a source on the committee was the account of the Secret Service agent assigned to Muskie who was feeding reports through his father to the Committee for the Re-election of the President.

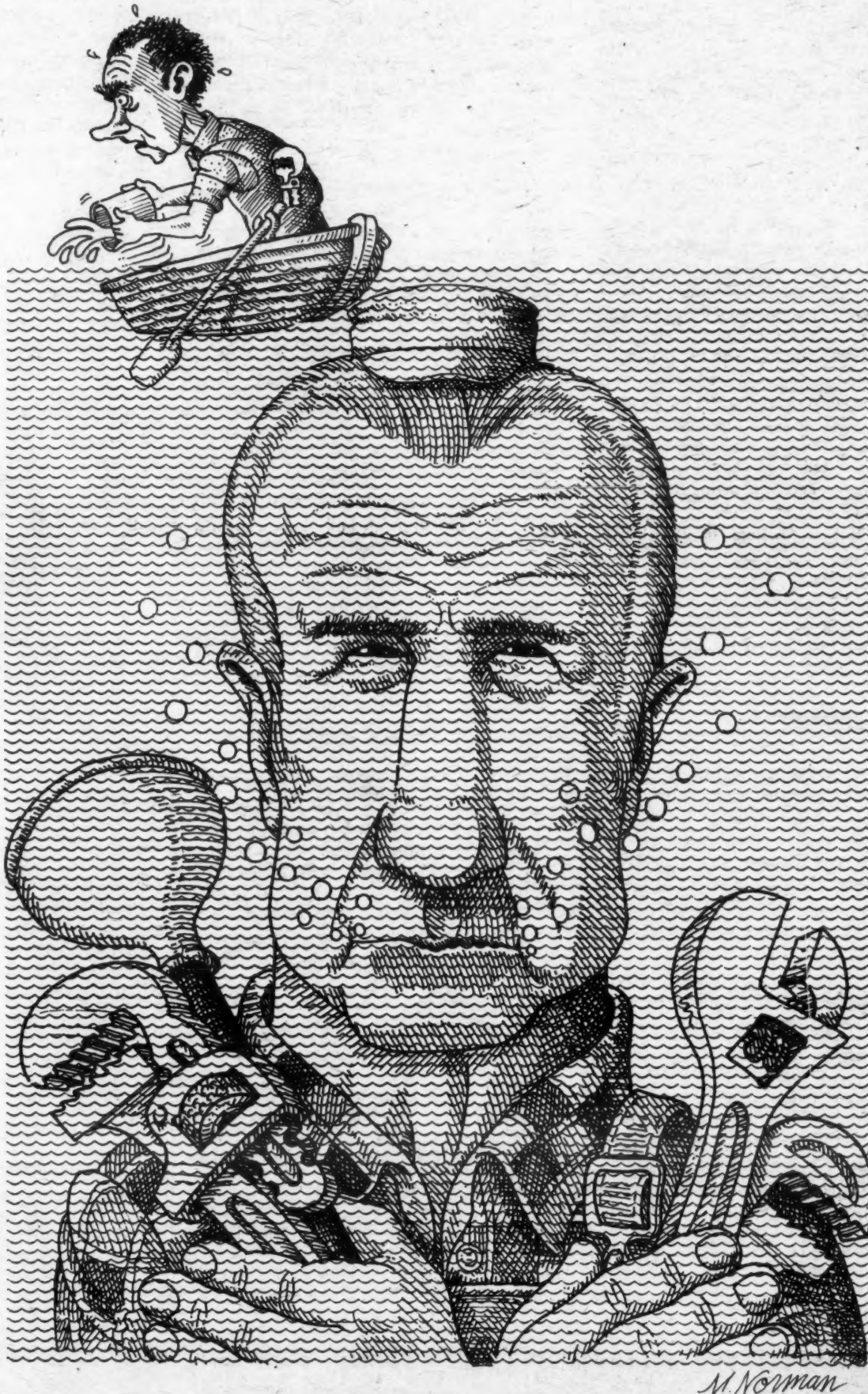
Uncontrolled leakage also was responsible for a near-rupture in the committee's dealings with Prosecutor Cox, whose operation thus far has been virtually leak-free. Unlike the committee, Cox has a single press spokesman, James Doyle, who is momentarily one of the most unpopular men in Washington. Doyle, a former investigative reporter for the *Boston Globe* and the *Washington Star-News*, regularly takes snide remarks from former colleagues like, "They're paying you all that money and all you can say is 'no comment'." "There are times," Doyle says, "when there's a great temptation for us to leak. Let's say the press has a story all wrong, but to set it straight would disclose information we want to keep confidential. Or we might want to leak that we've got a guy cold in order to force him in. After American Airlines came in voluntarily and admitted the illegal campaign contribution, we simply put out a statement praising them. We could have let it be known that everybody's lining up, in order to smoke out the others. The problem is if we leak, it's going to be known immediately. If we say something off the record about a figure, the reporter will bounce it off the lawyers, and they'll know where he got it."

In mid-August, Cox was somewhat puzzled when *The Washington Post* began running stories unmistakably based on internal staff memos, including a trivial one about some documents that had been misfiled. Cox has a strict rule that no memos can be shown to the press. (I couldn't even get the memo establishing that policy.) Ultimately, the leak was traced to the special prosecutor's garbage. Cox installed a shredder and burn bags. It is generally conceded among the Watergate press that the Cox office is impregnable, which removes the special prosecutor from the scramble for the daily exclusive. "Every time it looks as if somebody has cracked Cox," says Martha Angle, who covers

Watergate for the *Star-News*, "it produces near panic among the rest of us."

Sometimes, stories that seem to come from Cox are brought to him by a reporter who has dug up the information elsewhere and wants to see if he can elicit a confirmation from the prosecutor. Another *Star-News* reporter, James Polk, learned that shipping executive George Steinbrenner had given a substantial contribution to CREEP while he had a claim pending at the Commerce

Department, and that Steinbrenner had apparently tried to disguise the contribution by giving employees bonuses to be passed along to CREEP. By letting Cox's office know he has such information, a deft reporter gets confirmation of what he has, perhaps a bit more, and can accurately report that Cox is "investigating Steinbrenner," leaving an impression that Cox might have been his original source. (Polk wrote: "The Watergate grand jury is probing a secret \$100,000 Nixon campaign



donation made by officials of a Cleveland ship company. . . . Watergate prosecutors say eight of the firm's employees each got a company bonus on the same day they made Nixon contributions.") A story like this is at once self-effacing—it disguises the reporter's own legwork—and self-aggrandizing—it suggests the reporter has an inside source he hasn't got. The resulting confusion is inevitable, and helps create the mythology of leaking.

Real leaks, of course, do exist. Official disclosures on a not-for-attribution basis are a "cherished Washington necessity," as Martin Arnold observed in a wry analysis for *The New York Times* Oct. 9. Arnold catalogued thrill leaks, threat leaks, trial balloons, unauthorized "whistle-blowing," backgrounders, all examples of "the self-serving leak," which Arnold traces back to at least Talleyrand. This sort of cloudseeding is thoroughly routine. In the Agnew affair, White House officials let it be known that the President wouldn't mind if Agnew resigned; and Agnew, prior to going public with his charges of calculated leaks, indulged in a massive campaign of his own. Administrations—particularly this one—seem to think that any good unauthorized story must be the work of a turncoat. (Watergate itself, after all, grew out of a frantic campaign to plug leaks.) That does happen, but more often for bureaucratic not ideological motives, and it doesn't happen nearly as often as the White House believes. Even when a whistle-blower is involved, usually you have to find him. Seymour Hersh says of his technique, "You take the clips home and you get on the phone. You call and call and call, and sooner or later you find somebody who knows something and is indiscreet enough to tell you. Then you call somebody else and say—so-and-so is saying this. And he says, no, it's that."

Robert Walters of the *Star-News*, who identified Lucy Cummings Goldberg as "Chapman's Friend," says the idea came to him one day in the shower. "Here was this gal on the McGovern press plane every single day, accredited by Women's News Service. It didn't add up." Walters found that Women's News Service didn't normally use political correspondents. He called Mrs. Goldberg and bluffed. She spilled the whole thing. "Lucy called back the next day and said, 'Chotiner's mad as hell. He said, *Why did you tell Walters, he probably didn't know.*' What am I going to say, that's right, it was a hunch from the shower and you confirmed it, you dummy? So I wrote it hinting that it might have come from a leak—to cover her with Chotiner."

Apparently, the White House still believes that the Special Prosecutor's office must be leaking. After Wallace Turner of the *Times* wrote that a senior member of Nixon's accounting firm had once received a Presidential pardon, a story Turner developed from material on the public record, Ron Zeigler remarked to another *Times* reporter that obviously Turner had been fed the story by Cox.

Besides deflating some exaggerated claims about leaks, the experience of the Special Prosecutor's office also illustrates another point that is central to the latest and biggest leak brouhaha, the Agnew affair: Under the American system, it is the responsibility of prosecutors to keep their mouths shut. It is not, as in Great Britain, the responsibility of the press to refrain from digging out all that it can. This should be especially self-evident during an administration so bent on politicizing justice and obstructing prosecution.

But in the Agnew imbroglio, it was far from self-evident. The Vice-President's attack on his old

nemesis momentarily diverted public attention from his own wrongdoing. The ploy was surprisingly persuasive. In a widely-debated column August 19, the *Washington Post's* David Broder wrote that Agnew

is innocent (and not just presumed innocent) because he shares with you and me the blessings of citizenship in a country which, thank God, decided 200 years ago that the burden of proving any one of us guilty falls entirely on the state, through a deliberately laborious process of indictment, prosecution and conviction at a public trial in a court of law. And that is a process in which the press interferes, not only at its own peril, but at hazard to the most important of everyone's fundamental rights.

An irrefutable abstraction, but even Broder could not resist temptation when a sufficiently important story came to his attention a month later. On September 18, the *Post* bannered Broder's exclusive under the headline AGNEW DISCUSSING RESIGNATION. With the possible exception of the plea-bargaining story, Broder's piece could be considered one of the more damaging to Agnew's right to a trial free of prejudicial publicity. And as the week wore on and no resignation was forthcoming, there were many who felt the *Post* had seriously overplayed an essentially speculative story. Citing "sources," Broder's account reiterated all of the rumored charges against Agnew, demolishing Broder's own commandment.

From his initial press conference Aug. 8, apparently provoked by Saul Friedman's story in the *Knight Newspapers* that the alleged payments to Agnew continued into his tenure as Vice President, Agnew began spreading the word that the Justice Department was deliberately seeking to prejudice the case; and that on a political level this was consistent with the White House's desire to get the Vice President. This "osmotic conspiracy," as former Agnew press aide Victor Gold called it, came to a full boil at the end of a week that included the Broder resignation story (Sept. 18), the *Post's* bannered report that Agnew's lawyers were plea bargaining (Sept. 22), and finally Fred Graham's piece on CBS (Sept. 22) quoting Assistant Attorney General Petersen to Agnew's lawyers, "We've got the evidence. We've got it cold."

I have spoken with most of the reporters involved in these and other damaging stories, and while none, obviously, will disclose his sources, the general pattern emerges that the most fruitful sources for the details of the case against the Vice President were lawyers for the other potential defendants, and possibly Agnew's own lawyers as well. To a lesser extent, some information came from prosecutors in Baltimore. Undeniably, there were also some juicy one-liners, particularly in the newsweeklies, that must have come from middle-level Justice Department sources. But this does not add up to a pattern of willful, malicious leaking.

There is ample evidence that Agnew is right to blame the White House for inspiring a campaign on a political level to force him out. In this connection, more than one observer has suggested that Henry Petersen, as a subject of Agnew's wrath, was a surrogate for Richard M. Nixon. Evans and Novak reported, and officials did not deny, that Presidential counselor Bryce Harlow and Assistant White House Counsel J. Fred Buzhardt were sent to Phoenix Sept. 14 armed with prosecutorial documents to persuade Senator Goldwater that Agnew was not worth defending, that Petersen did indeed have the evidence "cold." The Petersen remark, as quoted by Fred Graham and widely disseminated by other media served to focus sharply the Vice President's contention that he was

denied due process by deliberate leaks, as well as to sharpen the ethical discussion in the editorial pages about the culpability of the press.

There is still substantial doubt about the source of the Petersen quote. Only Graham and his source know unequivocally where it came from. All Graham will say is that it didn't come from Petersen directly. Others at the Justice Department insist—with a good deal of indignation—that it did not come from their side; that no one on the government side who heard it wanted to blow the case. One official at the Justice Department says Graham told him that the quote came from one of Agnew's lawyers, but Graham won't confirm that. If true, Agnew's side was playing an astonishingly cynical game of setting up Graham with a quote in order to use it later as ammunition against Petersen. The ploy could even have lead Graham to jail for contempt in order to protect a confidence that was deliberately betrayed.

Likewise, the story by Jerry Landauer in *The Wall Street Journal* first disclosing that Agnew was under criminal investigation could well have come from Agnew's lawyers. It is curious, to say the least, that Landauer, who has been investigating the Vice President's financial dealings for several years and who broke the story of the Justice Department's letter to Agnew, was not among the nine reporters subpoenaed. Seemingly, Agnew's lawyers would have been very eager to ask Landauer the source of the original leak—unless it happened to come from them. The Justice Department's internal in-

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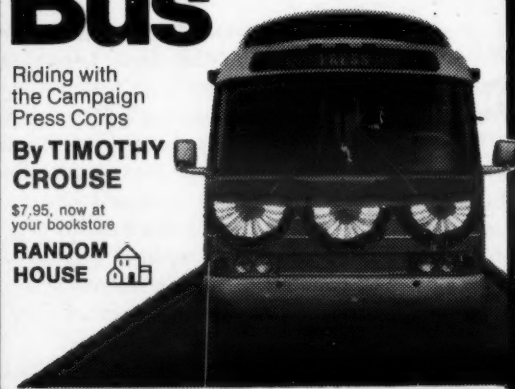
The Boys On The Bus

Riding with
the Campaign
Press Corps

By TIMOTHY
CROUSE

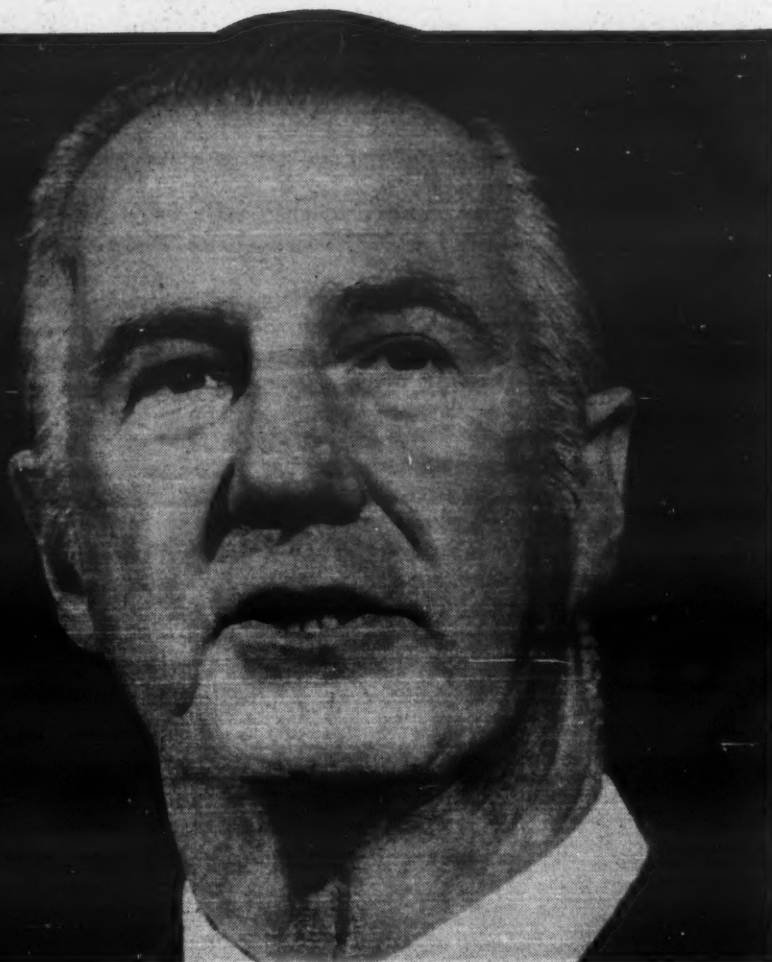
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In the past several months, I have been living in purgatory. I have found myself the recipient of undefined, unclear and unattributed accusations that have surfaced in the largest and most widely circulated organs of our communications media

—Speech in Los Angeles, Sept. 29, 1973.



investigation of the leak charges, though admittedly self-serving, does provide a chronology that supports the conclusion that the Landauer story came from Agnew's lawyers. The investigation, by Assistant Attorney General Glen E. Pommerening, reports that, contrary to Agnew's claims that *The Wall Street Journal* had the letter before he did, the letter was delivered to Agnew attorney Judah Best on Aug. 1. Not until Aug. 5 did Landauer contact George Beall, the U.S. Attorney in Baltimore, to seek a confirmation of the letter. The next day, Justice Department officials received a copy of the letter for the first time, and finally, on Aug. 7, the Landauer story appeared.

The Pommerening investigation, which took sworn statements from all 134 Justice Department employees with possible direct knowledge of the Agnew case, persuasively refutes Agnew's charges of deliberate leaks. The accompanying Justice Department brief, ironically enough, is a ringing defense of newsman's privilege. "We have never supported incursions into this sensitive area for the mere purpose of conducting fishing expeditions," wrote Solicitor General Robert Bork. To compound the irony, it is worth recalling that Assistant Attorney General Henry Petersen, the incorruptible hero of the affair, was the official who refused to compromise with Earl Caldwell and forced the issue of newsman's privilege to a constitutional confrontation.

Admittedly, it is conceivable, despite the Pommerening investigation, that both Landauer and Graham did get their information from Justice Department sources. I think the weight of evidence cuts the other way, but certainly in the case of the disclosure of the Agnew letter a prosecutor in Baltimore sitting on explosive criminal charges against the Vice President legitimately could fear, after Watergate, that the case might be politically squelched. And certainly the public interest would be served by making the existence of the investigation known.

In any event, what has not been demonstrated is a calculated campaign of leakage by the Justice Department. One reporter known for excellent Justice Department sources says, "The Criminal Division has been buttoned up tight on Agnew since the day the story broke." At most,

some deft reporting has wrung out tidbits, some of which may have been used irresponsibly. When the newsweeklies run unattributed quotes, allegedly from Justice Department officials—second hand? third hand? doctored up? We don't know—like "Agnew wasn't greedy; he was quite cheap" (*Time*, August 23), the Vice-President could rightly holler foul. But taking the pattern as a whole, Agnew vastly overstated the culpability of both the press and the prosecutors. And the columnists who painted Spiro Agnew as one more unfortunate victim of selective prosecution along with Father Berrigan and Angela Davis were surely being a little naive.

A perusal of the case law on pre-trial publicity shows that, contrary to Agnew's assertions, jurors can and do put prejudicial publicity out of their minds. If the dismal series of Administration failures to convict political radicals shows anything, it shows that. Moreover, only in a minority of instances where pre-trial publicity has been both egregious and willfully engendered, and the trial judge negligent, has the Supreme Court found sufficient cause to reverse. All kinds of remedies, from changing venue to muzzling prosecutors to sequestering juries, have been successfully used in cases where the prejudicial publicity was much more serious than Agnew's. And in no case has it been deemed sufficient to halt a grand jury.

The press has properly become sensitized to two reprehensible hallmarks of the Nixon Justice Department. One is selective prosecution of political enemies. The other is cover-up of official wrongdoing. Both elements are paradoxically present in the Agnew case. Should the press have been more wary of a cover-up? Or a railroading?

On Sept. 22, *The Washington Post* and *New York Times* columnist Tom Wicker came to opposite conclusions. The *Post* lead editorial, next to a Herblock cartoon of Agnew on the telephone to Angela Davis, began:

There are no atheists in foxholes and, as it seems, there are no anti-civil libertarians under criminal investigation . . . How good—and how important—it would have been to hear Mr. Agnew's disquisition, say, in the wake of the Mayday

troubles . . . [and concluded] The Vice President has claimed that those [due] processes are being undermined by the behavior of the prosecution. Precisely the same thing can be said of his own attempt to avoid the jurisdiction of the courts, to take refuge behind the claims of constitutional immunity allegedly inherent in his office, and to cast doubt on the integrity and the motives of attorneys and prospective witnesses.

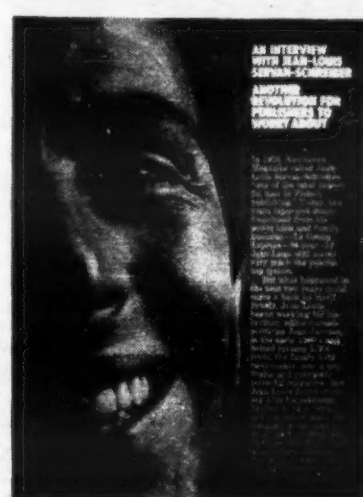
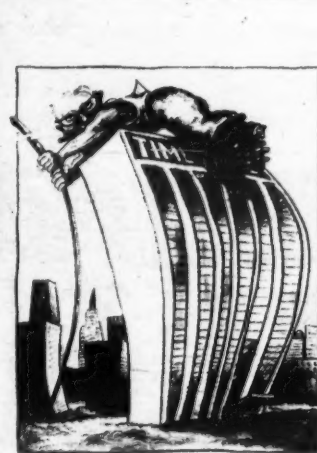
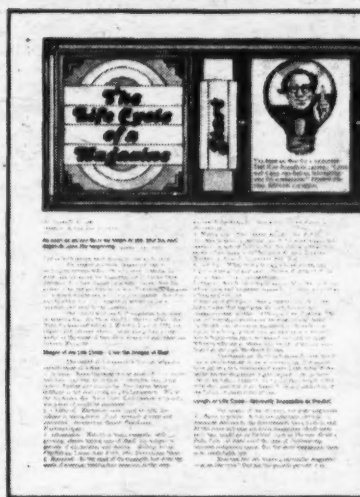
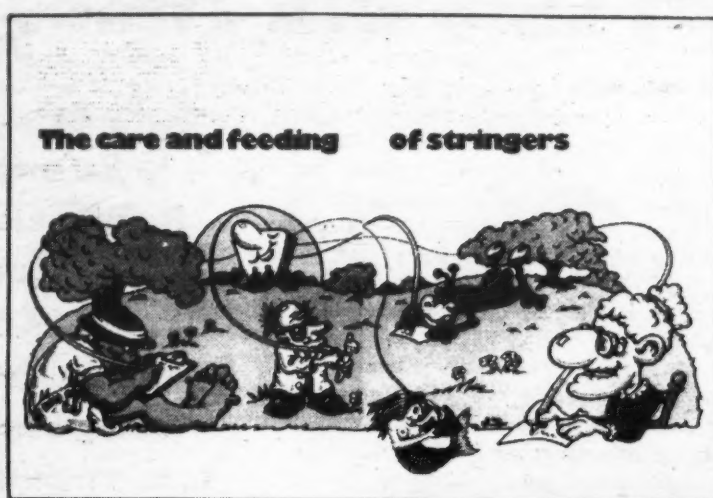
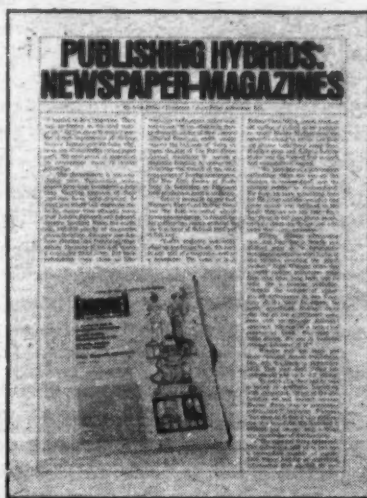
Almost as if anticipating the argument, Wicker came down even harder on the other side:

Beware of poetic justice, which often means one wrong on top of another. Few of those who leaped to the defense of Phillip Berrigan or the Gainesville Eight have spoken for the rights of Mr. Agnew . . . [The crux of Watergate is] misuse of state power to override due process of law and individual rights.

True enough, but did Spiro Agnew really propose (and Tom Wicker accept!) that Agnew's plight was comparable to Phillip Berrigan's? At issue was not the Vice President's presumption of innocence—but whether the press should hold its fire.

The lesson of Watergate—the substance—was indeed misuse of state power, but the journalistic lesson was to beware of cover-ups. There has simply been too much crying wolf at the press by high officials throughout the Nixon Administration for the press to have taken Agnew's protestations at face value. This time, the press was entitled to err on the side of excessive probing and even excessive publicity. When grand jury reform comes and the judicial system starts working the way David Broder's God-bless-our-forefathers column says it does, then journalistic statesmen can begin pulling their punches.

In 1968, candidate Agnew maligned *The New York Times* for investigating his byzantine financial dealings. We now know that the *Times* was on the right track. Likewise, Jerry Landauer of *The Wall Street Journal* is said to have been very close to nailing down the story that the U.S. Attorney's investigation finally got. That investigation undoubtedly built on the work of the press. Were it not for the Watergate exposes, were Mitchell and Kleindienst still at the Justice Department, the odds are that the Agnew affair, too, would have been swept under the rug. Obstructions and miscarriages of justice were coming from the Administration, not from the press. The lesson of both Watergate and the Agnew affair is to keep digging.



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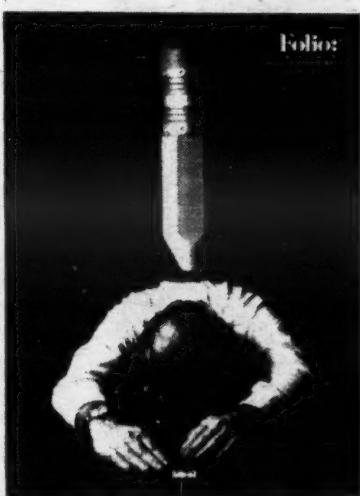
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M1173

Just Like Old Times

BY CLAUDIA COHEN

Flashy color brochures were the come-on, but the real enticement for prospective subscribers was the celebrity stable of contributing editors that Publisher George Hirsch had assembled for his biweekly magazine, *New Times*. When the 100-page first issue hit the stands Oct. 8, however, two of the promised names—*New York Post* columnist Pete Hamill and Jack Newfield of *The Village Voice*—were missing from the masthead.* In their place was a mini-controversy involving disclosure of the magazine's financial make-up.

Hamill and Newfield were first disturbed by their financial arrangements with *New Times* after receiving their contracts several weeks prior to publication. The terms allowed each of the contributing editors to exercise a 1,000-share stock option within a two-year period, upon completion

Claudia Cohen is a freelance writer based in New York.

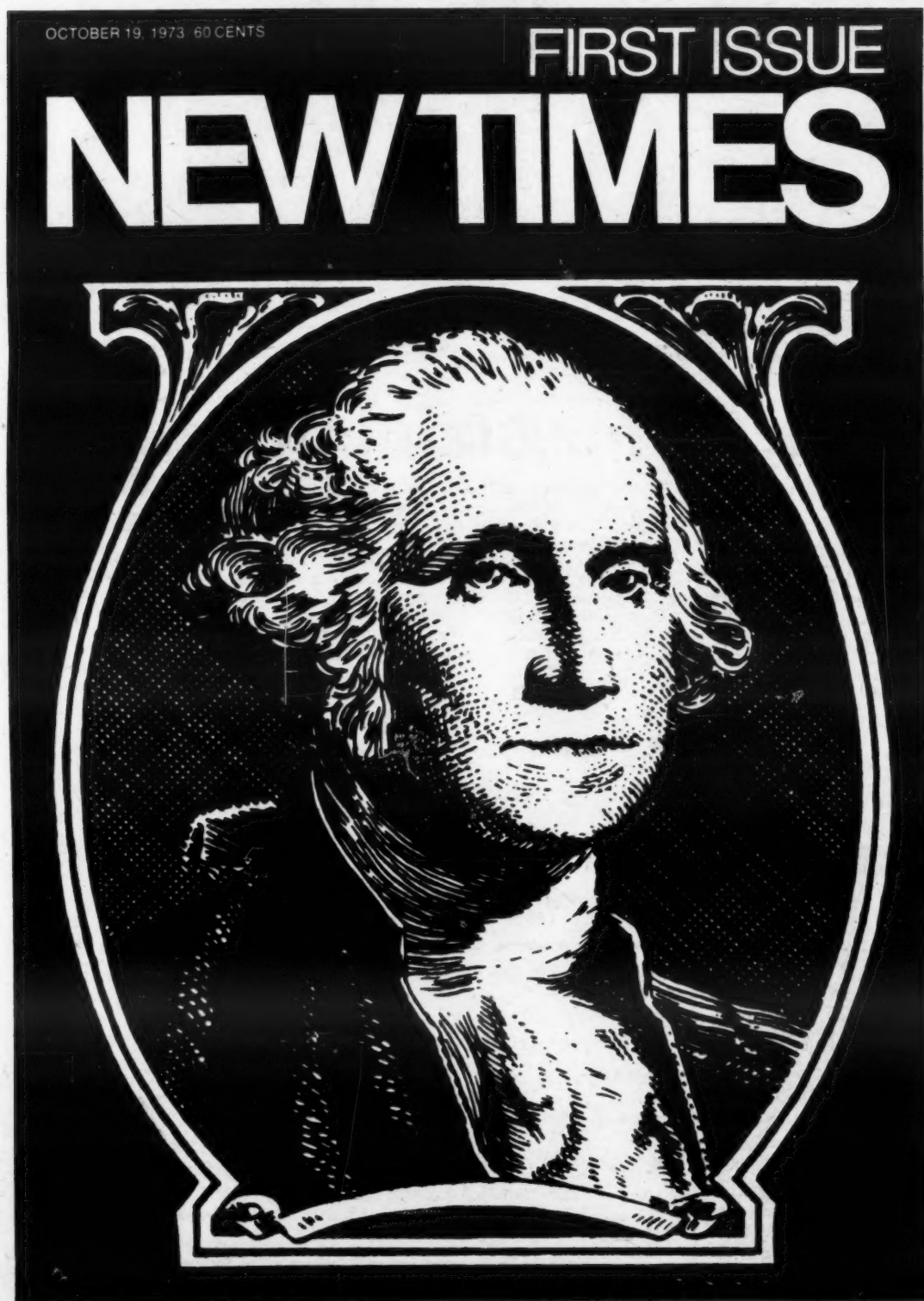
Only Breslin seemed to be enjoying the fight over financial disclosure at *New Times*. "I hope it gets dirtier, more vicious and personal, with lots of name-calling," he said.

of eight units of writing. (This later became two 500 share options, each redeemable after four units of writing.) To Hamill and Newfield, who had understood that the magazine's writers would be shareholders, two years was an unacceptable interval to wait for partial ownership. "In effect, some of the best writers in America—with combined readership in the millions—were being asked to audition for ownership," they later declared in a letter to the other contributors. Provision for receiving stock up front, they agreed, would truly indicate ownership, and would also be proper compensation for use of the contributing editors' names in wooing potential investors. Indeed, they maintained that the magazine's very existence was based on "our names, talents... and personalities."

Adding to the pair's distress was the realization that all contributing editors would not, as promised, receive equal compensation. It seems that Jimmy Breslin, under the additional mantle of co-founder, had another deal going entitling him to extra benefits for his acknowledged efforts at fund-raising. There were no quarrels with Breslin's right to the bonus package—"This isn't a Cuban shoe factory where everyone earns the same amount of money," said Murray Kempton—but speculation among several contributors began to focus on the amount of stock Breslin was receiving, and on why this information was being kept secret. Breslin denied knowing the details of his contract, calling the question "a chintzy subject to bring up among mature people." And meanwhile, the agent who did negotiate Breslin's contract, Sterling Lord, himself received a stock option of ten percent over *New Times* stock eventually acquired by his clients—eight of whom he had delivered as contributing editors. Telephone calls to Lord went unanswered; and *New Times* editor Steve Gelman would neither say whether such an agreement existed, nor discuss its propriety. Gelman only stated, vaguely, that "all agents were offered the same deal." But at least one other contributing editor's agent reported receiving no stock offers from the magazine.

Hamill and Newfield retained their friend Mario Cuomo, a Brooklyn lawyer whom Breslin had unsuccessfully promoted for Mayor of New York last spring. Cuomo held a lengthy meeting with Hirsch and Gelman Sept. 25, where the *New Times* men were "very surprised" to hear about the dissatisfaction, according to Gelman. The stock ownership issue was raised, but unresolved. Hirsch evidently disagreed that the magazine had been sold exclusively on its editorial line-up, suggesting afterward that it was "important to remember that investors look to a man, a person who's going to run it." A more significant issue emerged, however, when Hirsch refused to divulge the amount of stock held in the magazine, as well as the allocation of shares among the various investors. Over a six-month period, Hirsch had raised an impressive \$1.7 million in venture capital from such institutions as American Express, Chase Manhattan Bank, First National Bank of Boston, and Bank of America; since the fund-raising was done privately, there was no public record of the division of shares, nor a listing of the minority stockholders. Although Hirsch later revealed that the contributing editors *in toto* owned

*The 16 still on board: Joan Barthel, Jimmy Breslin, Brock Brower, F. Reid Buckley, Sara Davidson, Marshall Frady, Murray Kempton, Larry L. King, J. Anthony Lukas, Joe McGinniss, Mike Royko, Nora Sayre, Dick Schaap, Studs Terkel, Thomas Thompson, Nicholas von Hoffman



eight per cent of the New Times Communications Corporation, Newfield was not satisfied with the resulting arithmetic and indicated that his own research put the total number of shares at approximately two million. Cuomo stressed that his clients desire to know precisely how the financial pie was sliced was based, in large part, on concern over who would have editorial control. Hirsch declared that he and Gelman retained exclusive editorial responsibility. As for an accounting of the stock allotments, Gelman says: "This is private and personal information."

Calling this position "unnecessary and outrageous," the two writers took their case to the other contributing editors via a four-page letter marked confidential, in which they stated: "We believe George Hirsch is operating by the rules of an anachronistic system—that is, that the moneymen own the product and the artists and craftsmen service that product... the men [sic] who make the magazine should own some of it." The letter was written largely by Hamill, and co-signed by contributing editor Studs Terkel, who immediately began to sound like a reluctant revolutionary. "I just went along romantically," said Terkel, whose detailed knowledge of the issues involved arrived along with his copy of the letter. "I

just liked the idea of creative people owning part of the magazine like at *Le Monde*." Others were not so easily persuaded to "stick together to establish a principle that will last the rest of our writing days," and the letter attracted little support from a group of writers satisfied with their contracts, or who felt, as Dick Schaap did, that "I have more important things to think about." There was some appreciation of the disclosure issue's significance, which several contributors indicated they would discuss with Hirsch; but no one else—including Terkel—was preparing to jump ship over it. Only Breslin, who thought that anything causing "a fucking fight was great," seemed to be following the conflict with gusto. "I hope it gets dirtier, more vicious and personal, with lots of name-calling," he said. "This ain't an insurance company."

Still, Breslin's interest was probably more than casual, and his relations with Hamill and Newfield less than unstrained, since his departure from *New York* magazine several years ago was inspired in part by a similar fight. All of *New York's* founding "star" writers, Breslin among them, had received stock in the magazine, and all the information regarding the stock division was on file in a public prospectus. Sometime later,

however, Breslin discovered that Art Director Milton Glazer owned some twenty to thirty thousand shares, while each contributing editor's holdings were in the area of ten thousand. Breslin, who called the situation "outright stealing off writers," was concerned over the extent of ownership by the writers, as well as the principle of who determined editorial control. To complete the circle, Hirsch, then publisher of *New York*, was said to have sympathized with Breslin's beefs. But two persons who supported Breslin publicly—to an extent where they temporarily stopped writing for *New York*, were Hamill and Newfield; and now Breslin seemed to be looking at them from the other side of the fence.

Newfield and Hamill make curious revolutionaries, since both are only marginally committed to *New Times* and are likely to write for it only rarely. Still, they raise a legitimate point. For all his willingness to distribute *some* stock to his contributors, Hirsch's refusal to disclose fully his financial arrangements is clearly suspect—especially for a magazine that insists in its promotional blitz that absolutely nothing is sacred.

COLUMN TWO

(continued from page 2)

numbers have immense appeal for newsmen—they provide a sturdy peg for everything from dirty laundry to nostalgic frills—and this one galvanized the sporting fraternity. Soon New York writers who rarely stray far from the bar at Jimmy's or the free lunch table at Shea Stadium were making the treacherous trek to Atlanta.

Pete Axthelm in *Newsweek* beat this flock to the punch with an August 16 cover story. (*Time* scheduled a cover story of its own for Sept. 24, but it was bumped for the Chilean coup.) Dazzled by the digits, *Newsweek* engaged two statistical wizards for its piece: Jimmy the Greek, who presented a morning line ("Every time Aaron walks up to the plate, the odds against a homer are 14 to 1.") and Seymour Siwoff, who offered a "daring projection" (No. 712 on September 19, 713 on September 25; 714 on September 30 and the tie-breaker early in 1974).

Siwoff shoulda stuck to figuring earned run averages. In fact, 712 didn't come until September 22 against Houston—and that set off the third and last phase of the orgy. "A lot of guys up in New York must have seen that 712 and figured 'ooo, we better get down there,'" recalls Jim Schultz, the Braves' assistant public relations director. Within the next few days, newsmen representing more than 100 news-gathering organizations poured into town, overflowing the 90-seat press box and forcing the Braves to construct a plywood auxiliary nearby. And worse yet—indeed, the worst catastrophe that can befall a veteran sportswriter—the free lunch at the stadium ran out!

All three networks were there: ABC and CBS with film crews and NBC—totally bonkers on the story—with a videotape mobile unit poised to record *The Moment* and, interrupting regular programming, to beam it out across the network. It did interrupt "Cool Hand Luke" when Aaron hit 712. NBC also had a film crew in Atlanta getting last minute footage to splice into "The Long Winter of Henry Aaron," an hour-long

documentary scheduled for 10 P.M. October 21.

Among the late arrivals were several Japanese and Mexican writers. Bob Hope, the top Braves publicity man, took the Japanese off Aaron's hands ("He was having enough trouble with the English-speaking guys.") but Hope was "never quite sure what they were asking." Only one of the Mexicans spoke English, but he stuttered so badly Aaron couldn't understand him, either.

The Braves insisted that all questioning of Aaron be carried on in a special interview room set up in the former clubhouse of the Atlanta Chiefs, a defunct soccer team. Most of the questions were post-game putty ("What have you done for baseball?" asked a UPI man.) and the stories weren't much better. "I hate to say this," says Shultz, "but a lot of guys didn't show much

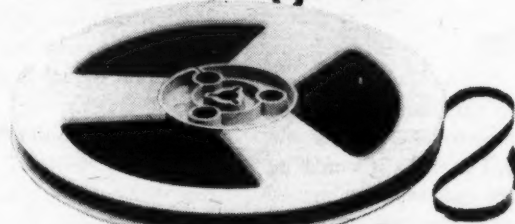
imagination. After a few days they didn't have anything new to say."

Soon a note of desperation crept into the quest for a new angle. George Plimpton, now on the scene for *Sports Illustrated*, recalls a moment in the press box when thunder rumbled overhead. "Some guy said 'Ruth' and every writer all down the line scribbled in his notebook. The next morning, half the stories I saw had some variation on the theme." (Dave Anderson in the *Times* wrote "thunder rumbled as if the Babe had belched after six hot dogs in the sky.")

"That's why I sat out in left field as often as I could," says Plimpton. "The stands out there were filled with fish nets trying to snag a homer, but at least there weren't a horde of writers snagging every good line you heard."

On the last day of the season—Sunday,

Campaign '72



The Managers Speak

Edited by Ernest R. May and Janet Fraser

In January 1973, for the first time in American history, principal participants in a major election met to discuss the science and the art of campaign strategy: the planning, calculation, contrivance, miscalculation, and mischance that determine what the electorate sees. Campaign managers, pollsters, and journalists met to compare notes on their techniques and tactics and on their successes and failures as they reviewed the events of the primaries and the election.

This carefully edited transcript—oral history at its best—makes absorbing reading. It is a valuable primary source for students of and participants in the political process in general as well as the '72 campaign in particular.

Ernest R. May is the Director and Janet Fraser is Assistant Director of the Institute of Politics at Harvard.

\$7.95

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Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138

September 30—with Aaron still one short of Ruth's record, some 122 newsmen gathered at Atlanta Stadium hoping to witness history. As the world knows now, they didn't. Aaron singled his first three times up. Then, as a soft rain fell on his head, he popped up to the shortstop. A few minutes later, Curt Gowdy of NBC broke into the Oakland-Kansas City football game to announce the sad news—adding in a reassuring tone “we'll see you next April, Hank.” And you can count on that.

There are those who will agree with J. Henry Waugh that the records provide the unique charm of the grand old game. Certainly no other sport draws so much of its inner tension from purely statistical categories: times at bat, bases on balls, runs batted in, earned runs allowed. In no other game can a box score—that marvelously complex quadrangle of compressed agate—so completely summarize three hours of action. I can recall afternoons of my youth spent prowling deliciously through those intricate clumps to find out how many hits Tommy Henrich got or how many scoreless innings Joe Page had pitched. Better yet, of course, were the cumulative seasonal records abbreviated in the daily paper but run in all their plenitude on Sundays, a lush pasture good for hours of leisurely grazing.

But these are not the ultimate joys of baseball. How can numbers in a paper compare with the grace of a white figure leaping high against an ivy-covered wall to capture the ball in the webbing of a glove just as it is about to drop into the stands; or to the rat-tat-tat precision of a sharp ground ball down the third base line grabbed by the third baseman, whipped on a line to second, and then in a vaulting pivot to first for a 'round-the-horn double play.



“What have you done for baseball?” asked the man from UPI.

Reporters too often grab for the precisely measurable, ignoring the slippery humanity that is always there beneath the numbers. Statistics seem to offer a linchpin of security, whether or not they

have any real meaning. Only the other day, San Francisco television stations posted camera crews 'round-the-clock at the Golden Gate Bridge in hopes of catching the 500th suicide plunge.

LETTERS

(continued from page 2)

did not seem worth much”—an astute assumption—why did he bother to write the piece, and why did you run it?...

I have looked forward to each issue of your magazine. Please don't relax your standards.

—Donald S. Altschul
News Editor
The Pioneer
Madras, Ore.

How to Nibble

In connection with the [MORE] story on prying information from the government (“Nibbling at the Bureaucracy”—Oct., 1973), I thought it would be helpful to offer some simple guidance on how to submit a request under the Freedom of Information Act:

Submit a written query to the head of the relevant agency. Only identifiable documents may be requested, but citing the document number or the specific title of the document is not required by law—just be as specific as possible. A request need not mention reasons; “any person” is entitled to use the law.

To avoid delays, requests should ask for agency FOI appeals procedures, and state that if a substantive response is not received within 20 days, it will be considered a denial. Follow up with telephone calls, and after 20 days, appeal whether or not a response has been given. If the requested documents are not received after 20 more days—

seek legal assistance.

To avoid excessive copying and search charges, if possible request access to the information rather than copies. If costs seem prohibitive and illegitimately so, it may constitute a denial of access and again seek legal assistance.

Remember that the only basis upon which an agency can withhold information is if the requested record specifically falls within one of the nine exemptions as set down in the [MORE] article. The government must give specific and detailed reasons as to why the information is not available. A general denial is not sufficient.

—Ronald Plessner
Freedom of Information Clearing House
P.O. Box 19367
Washington, D.C. 20036

'Wildly Inaccurate'?

I wouldn't want the facts to get in the way of a good story, but perhaps I expect a little higher level of accuracy in a review than in the deadline journalism you're supposed to be reviewing.

If the rest of Henrietta Burroughs' article on Ron Porambo (“A Cause For Indictment”—Oct., 1973) is as wildly inaccurate as the segment with which I'm personally familiar, we will soon have “Take 3” to review [MORE].

Ron worked for my newspaper twice—with a stint in Albany in between—and we were sorry to see him go both times. If community pressure on

the newspaper had anything to do with it, this is the first I've heard of it. Ron had one basic feature story which he wrote over and over again until he wore it out, then moved on.

He did not find a “still” across from the police station, but he did locate a bootleg store there, and his stories were one factor in an ultimately successful campaign to legalize liquor. (Unfortunately, he didn't stay to drink to that.)

He did attend a cock fight (in, believe it or not, Cocke County) about fifty miles from Kingsport, and wrote a hell of a story about it.

Yes, there were raised eyebrows when he began living with a black girl, but no, he never received an ultimatum: “Carol or the job.” Ron and I talked about his problems with scandalized landlords and redneck cops, and at one point we took away the gun he was carrying.

But Ron was not our first reporter to get a little heat for his work or his personal life, and none of the others has given that explanation for leaving—if he did.

I wonder why Ms. Burroughs did not ask me about the statement I was supposed to have made to Ron when she called me?

The name, incidentally, is Bill, not Bob.

—William N. Roesgen
Editor
Kingsport News
Kingsport, Tenn.

Henrietta Johnson Burroughs replies: William Roesgen is, not surprisingly, right about his name,

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The floodlight will illuminate those traditionally shadowy seats of government.

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The magnifying glass will give you a close look at how things—good and bad—get done, how the machinery works.

The crystal ball will give you an idea of what's possible.

The early-warning system will keep you from being surprised—and unprepared.

The scorecard will tell you where you stand.

Where are all these tools and how do you get them? They're in **The Washington Monthly**, a magazine The New York Times calls "an indispensable ombudsman." I. F. Stone says it is "outstanding" and "doesn't go in for half-assed hysterics." John Chancellor says that the people he knows "spend a little more time than usual with this one."

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and for getting it wrong I sincerely apologize. As for the "wildly inaccurate" segment about his relationship with Ron Porambo, he would be better served by discussing his disagreements with Porambo himself. For the reporter continues to maintain that community pressure forced his dismissal. It is true that Porambo was rehired by Roesgen when he had trouble finding permanent employment elsewhere; but his second stint lasted only a few months, and the Albany job came *after* he was rehired, not before...I recognize the importance of getting my facts straight, but it hardly seems *wildly* inaccurate to call a bootleg establishment a still and to inadvertently misplace a cock-fight, the point of which was not its geography but the fact that Porambo exposed it, which he did. In my conversations with Roesgen and Porambo, neither made the fine distinction between Kingsport and Cocke County... All this said, it seems worth adding that Porambo thinks William Roesgen is "the best managing editor [he's] ever had."

Alive and Well

The image which comes across in "The New WBAI" (The Big Apple—Oct., 1973) is that the station is nearly a terminal case badly in need of messianic intervention. I was interviewed for the piece and made some comments about format problems which were then folded into the [MORE] article to support an overall evaluation which I do not share.

Financial problems there are—no station could possibly do the sort of elaborate productions we do and then depend basically on nickel-and-dime support without living on the margin (I mean we aren't playing "beautiful music" cartridges and raking in the dough). But WBAI has survived for 14 years—longer than some commercial stations—and there is no chance of it going under now.

Uneven programming? Sure. Debates about format and content? Possibly not even enough of that, but certainly more than at News Radio 88 or Cousin Brucieville. A "degenerated" air sound? When was the last time the country music station (for example) produced a prize-winning documentary or took a chance with a program that didn't have the ARB [American Research Bureau] as the *raison d'être*. Yes, there has been rhetoric on WBAI, but [MORE]'s subtle equation between political commitment and lousy radio is nonsense. For instance, WBAI has been all alone consistently producing programs—compelling programs—on women in America. Nanette Rainone, who is mostly responsible for that, built an important constituency for the station and, at the same time, challenged the commercial media apparently beyond their capacity to respond (judging from the chic tokenism that constitutes "women's programming" elsewhere). I would like to see WBAI expand the class base of its audience. If the rest of us at the station can do as well in that regard as Rainone has done in her principal area of concern, we will do well.

Meanwhile, save the flowers.

—David Gelber
Public Affairs Producer
WBAI-FM
New York, N.Y.

The Press Club (cont'd)

It seems George Embrey's version of the National Press Club study on the Nixon Administration and the press [Letters—Oct., 1973] needs some correcting. Embrey says he opposed the study because "it was not really done by members of the press, let alone members of the Press Club."

Seventeen of the 21 members of the study team are experienced journalists. Eleven of them

are now or have been Washington correspondents, and all but one of the 11 is a member of the Press Club.

The team included (among others) Courtney Sheldon, bureau chief for the *Christian Science Monitor*; William Shannon, editorial writer for *The New York Times*; Adam Clymer, White House correspondent for the *Baltimore Sun*; James McCartney, national security affairs correspondent for Knight Newspapers; and Samuel J. Archibald, a leading expert on freedom of information.

Most were members of the Professional Relations Committee of the Press Club that so doggedly supported the study despite the sniping of those who wanted no study at all. Among other members of the distinguished committee—which unanimously endorsed the final product—were Dan Rather of CBS, former *Wall Street Journal* bureau chief Alan Otten, UPI Washington bureau chief Grant Dillman and Alan Barth, former *Washington Post* editorial writer.

I confess to being the unnamed "local university professor" who was commissioned by the Press Club to undertake the study. I was Washington bureau chief for the *Providence Journal-Bulletin* for six years before coming to American University to develop a Washington-based graduate journalism program. I also have written a good deal on media affairs.

Instead of idly disparaging conscientious fellow Press Club members, "professors" and "students" (and slipping information to Ken Clawson in the White House behind our backs), Embrey might have better served the cause of good journalism by helping the committee and the study team through many months of hard work.

Press Club Presidents Warren Rogers and Don Larrabee gave us just that kind of encouragement, as did a majority of members of the Club's board, which voted overwhelmingly to endorse the study and give it "the widest public dissemination possible."

The Embrey brand of garbled, self-serving information is just what the study talks about as undermining sound reporting of Washington. For those, including Embrey, who would be interested in actually reading our findings, copies are available through the National Press Club or American University at a cost of \$2 (for publishing and postage). Out-of-towners can send a check to the Department of Communication, American University, Washington, D.C. 20016.

—Lewis W. Wolfson
Associate Professor
American University
Washington, D.C.

'Eastern Myopia'

There goes [MORE] too, with that Eastern myopia. In your article on *The New York Times*' new "Living" section (The Big Apple—Oct., 1973), you say that "*The Washington Post*'s highly successful Style section, initiated in 1969, has spawned imitations at several major newspapers, among them *The Los Angeles Times*..."

You might be interested to learn that the reverse is closer to the truth. Dave Laventhol, then of *The Washington Post* and now editor of *Newsday*, traveled to Los Angeles months before the start of Style to find out how we put our living section together, then went back to Washington and edited Style for a year or so.

No great gripe, but I do wish you guys would take off those Eastern seaboard blinkers.

—Jim Bellows
Associate Editor
The Los Angeles Times
Los Angeles, Calif.

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